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OF ENTERTAINMENT AND EROS

MAY 1982
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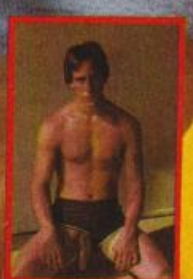

41 — Bobby Woods # 40 — Jeff Green # 38 — Don Bishop

COLLEGE STATION

7985 Santa Monica Blvd., Suite 109
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MAY 1982 • VOLUME 9, NUMBER 83

MANDATE

COVER

Giorgio, this month's cover man, has Italian sun written all over his well-developed body. For more on him, turn to page 50. Cover photograph by Nova.

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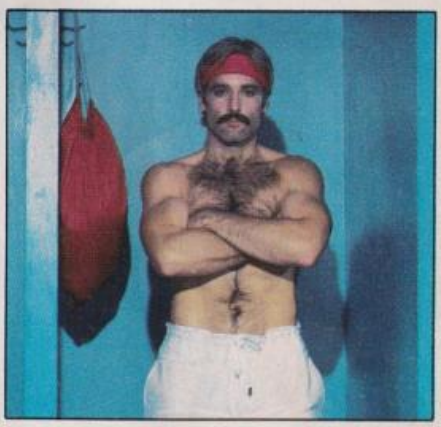

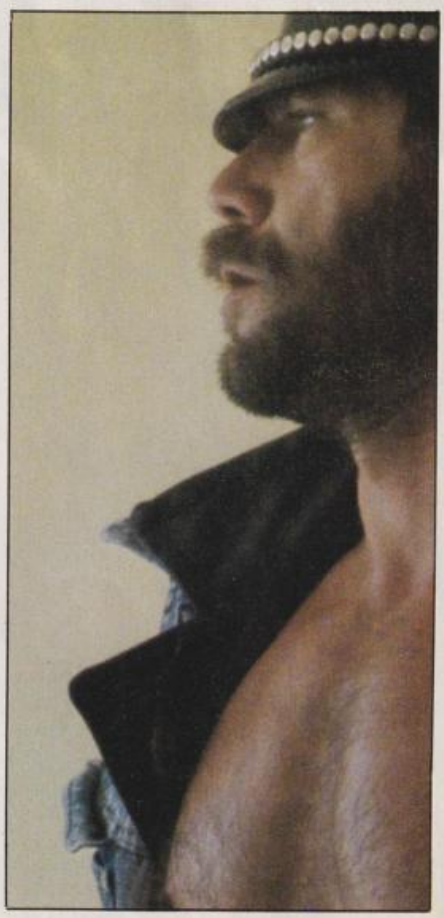

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ADVERTISING—DON BEAVERS (212) 691-7700

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WEATHERHEAD

Katharine Hepburn, whose half century career of film and stage work continues, remains America's most maddening

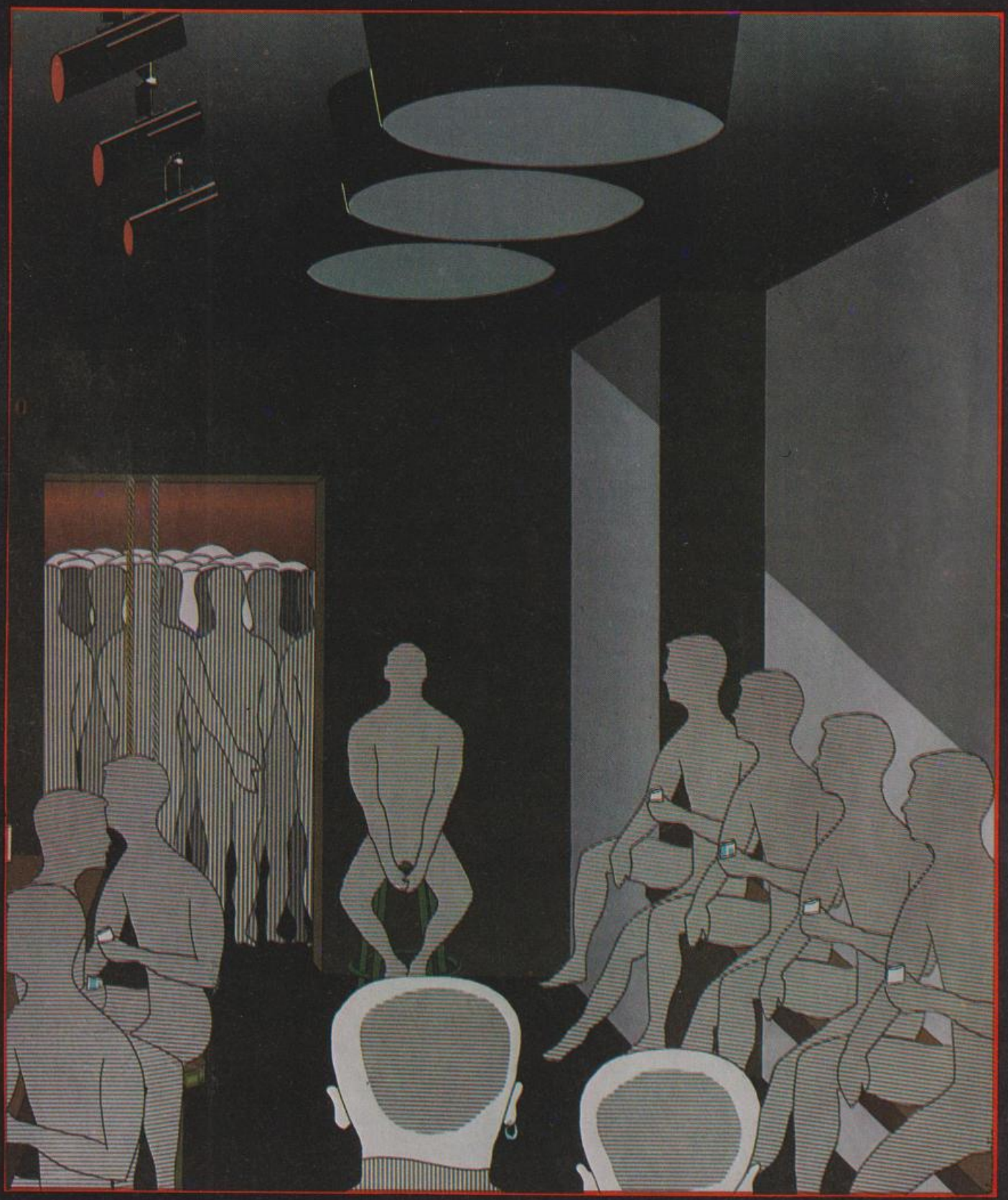
LEGEND

ART BY MARK WEATHERHEAD

Over the years, a half century of turbulent years, from the Depression through World War II, through the conservative 50s, the 60s' outburst of various freedom movements, down to now, few things American have remained constant.

For all her evolution as an actress, for all her diverse portrayals, Katharine Hepburn's face is as firmly fixed in American consciousness as those on Mt. Rushmore, grandeur etched in granite.

As both the film *On Golden Pond* and the play *The West Side Waltz* proved late last year, she is still very much with us—fierce and feisty, outspoken and opinionated, bright and contemptuous of mediocrity, indomitably *there*. *Continued to page 27*



OBSERVATIONS ON GAY BARS

BY T.R. WITOMSKI • ART BY MICHAEL VERNAGLIA

Every day, gay bars the world over attract men like Mecca. Here are a few observations worth considering for those watering holes you can't live without.

Remember that very few of the people at a gay bar are, strictly and crudely speaking, available for sex. Eight percent are at the bar to showcase new lovers; eleven percent to showcase new clothes. Three percent are lost heterosexuals. A whopping fifty-four percent are on all sorts of weird drugs and don't know where *they* are—much less that you are with them. Fourteen percent are terminably ineligible due to such factors as living in New Jersey and wearing offensive shoes. Six percent are into arcane forms of sado-masochism that are too far out even for *you*. As a result, only four out of every hundred people present at the bar are there for the purpose God intended.

The ten most frequently uttered remarks in every gay bar in the known universe are:

1) Lite.
2) Bud.
3) I did not.
4) Have you seen John?
5) Thanks, but I'm not into enemas tonight.
6) How big was it?
7) I just broke up with my lover.
8) I don't care.
9) Work's a bitch.
10) No.

Once there is a permanent mark of your footprints in a bar, you will never get away with maintaining to potential tricks that you never go out.

No civilized adult attending bar wishes to hear your coming out story, especially if it involves any of the following: Idaho, an uncle, a farm, psychotherapy, Yale, the Stonewall, est, a football coach, W.H. Auden, David Kopay, *Beyond the Forest*, or "Over the Rainbow."

Exploring the body in new, exciting ways should not be done in front of an audience.

No person at bar should be tediously burdened by your imparting to him any of the following pieces of information:

a) what your last lover did to you to cause the irreconcilable breakup of your relationship;
b) the "important" names in your trick book;
c) what Truman Capote wore to Studio 54 yesterday;
d) your recipe for anything that includes piss;
e) an anecdote that involves, even peripherally, a drag queen;
f) who you saw this morning at the V.D. clinic;
g) your opinion on Montserrat Caballe;
h) a novel use for wire hangers.

May lightning strike you dead on the spot if you ever, ever, ever cause in any way any of the following songs to be played on a gay bar jukebox:

1) "My Heroes Have Always Been Cowboys"
2) "Touch Me In the Morning"
3) "Looking for Love in All the Wrong Places"
4) "I'm Coming Out"
5) Anything by Johnny Mathis.

Though *All About Eve* is a wonderfully witty movie, do not use any of its lines in life—or in a bar.

Unless specifically requested, do not divulge to a person of slight acquaintance who did your hair, your

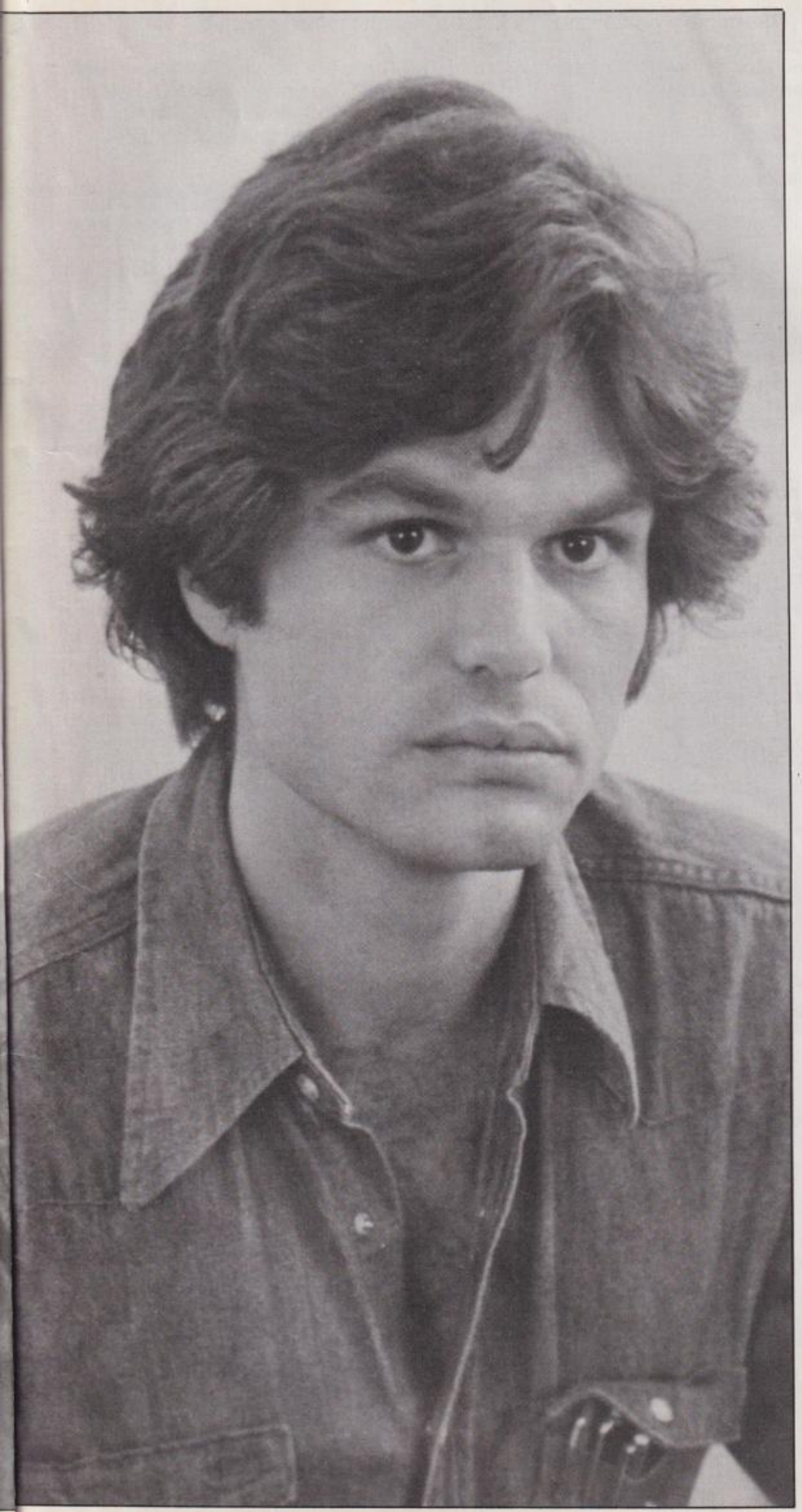
Continued to page 8

TOTALLY OUT OF THE CLOSET

BY JOSEPH ARSENAULT

What differentiates *Making Love*, the latest Hollywood movie to deal with homosexual characters, is the extent to which this movie genuinely benefits from previous attempts to capture on screen the lives we lead off of it, elaborating on *Sunday, Bloody Sunday*'s good points and dismissing fiascos like *Cruising*. *Making Love* beautifully succeeds in creating three full-blown characters whose sensitivity and stature are obviously irreproachable. The very fact of *Making Love* up there on the screen is an achievement of so colossal an importance that it should not be missed. It is so well-made, and so obviously well-intentioned, that many previous sins, detailed with exhaustive research by both Vito Russo and Parker Tyler, seem to be wiped away.

The core of this movie, like *Sunday, Bloody Sunday*, revolves around three very articulate, bright individuals, two men and a woman, whose lives are irrevocably changed because one man discovers needs in himself that he cannot hide. That changes everything. Michael Ontkean (Zack) and Kate Jackson (Claire) play a young married couple who face up to the tumultuous fact of his long-repressed homosexuality. They brilliantly depict the pain and confusion that such an admission must mean to a young couple who had no notion this particular cloud



hovered overhead. Harry Hamlin (Bart) is a handsome writer, an obviously out-of-the-closet homosexual who forces Zack to take a stand on his life and accept the consequences. All three actors play their characters straightforwardly, using interior monologues to further elaborate their intentions. Throughout *Making Love*, the flow of the movie is interspersed with startlingly revelatory speeches, shot straight-on by the camera, against gray, no-

Continued to page 71

Harry Hamlin and Michael Ontkean, far left and left, begin a relationship that ultimately compels them to acknowledge and accept their involvement together. Ontkean, Hamlin and Kate Jackson, below, play three young people who emerge from a crossfire of emotion with a new understanding of their needs and identities.

OBSERVATIONS ON GAY BARS

Continued from page 5

apartment, or your windows, and bear in mind that, like those who worked on Chartres Cathedral, those who design torture chambers for a living wish (or should wish) to remain anonymous.

The National Council on Faggots, of which I am chairman, has decreed that the following opening lines are nevermore to be used in a bar:

Got a match?
Is your name Steven?
Crowded, isn't it?

The Council suggests the following lines be substituted:

Wow! What great socks!
Are your teeth real?
Are you as superficial as I am?

These items will not make anyone look good and should never be worn in any public or even quasi-public establishment:

a headband,
monogrammed handcuffs,
a studded anything,
jewelry on your cock,
a leather baseball hat.

Dedication, admirable in the abstract, goes much too far if you go to a back room bar on crutches.

The number of broken toilets in a bar is directly proportional to the number of American Express cardholders present.

Witomski's Law of Gay Bars: The more "macho" the decor, the greater the bar's popularity with hairdressers, interior designers, and out-of-work actors.

A bar open in the afternoon attracts a disproportionately large number of writers and other untrustworthy people.

Sign found in a gay bar in Seattle, Washington:

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS OF THIS BAR

1) I am thy bar, thy home base; thou shalt frequent no bar more than me.
2) Thou shalt not say of me, "But I never meet anyone there."
3) Remember Saturday night and keep it here.
4) Honor thy fuck buddies for they are always available.
5) Thou shalt not kill for good seats at the opera.
6) Thou shalt not commit heterosexual acts.
7) Thou shalt not steal thy bar's glasses or ashtrays.
8) Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy ex-lovers.
9) Thou shalt not covet thy bar friend's trick.
10) Thou shalt not covet thy bar friend's jock.

Terrible punishments are in store in the next life for those who think a bar designed as a jailcell is cute and for the inventor(s) of the licorice whip.

The growing tendency for bars with a Western motif to feature country-and-western music is morbid.

You have had too much to drink if you find you can stand up *or* keep your hat on, but not both.

If you can remember nothing else, remember that, even if you have them, shun like the plague any establishment that promises fulfillment of "concentration camp fantasies."

It is unwise to hand out the literature of Alcoholics Anonymous during "beer blast" night for the Masters of Death motorcycle club.

The art of intelligent conversation is dead. Do not attempt to revive it. All such attempts are futile. No horny guy can talk about Marcel Proust.

It borders on poor taste for a bar to host a crucifixion on Good Friday.

Your journalism teacher would not be pleased by your literary endeavors on bathroom walls. But if you must so doodle, at least give your real phone number. The more sensitive among us get highly annoyed when heavy breathing callers query us at 3 a.m. about the veracity of the claims made under our numbers at the Ramrod.

No bar should have three bathrooms. The third bathroom will be the occasion for "clever" remarks which are always out of place.

It is perfectly acceptable to bring your slave in handcuffs to certain bars; it is not at all acceptable anywhere for you to unlock the handcuffs so the slave can play pinball.

The following words are never to be spoken in a gay bar:

love,
mother,
kids,
truth,
she.

Despite what you may have read in *other* gay publications particularly those out of San Francisco, it is *not* proper (or even vaguely amusing) to show your attraction to a stranger by groveling in front of him and licking his boots.

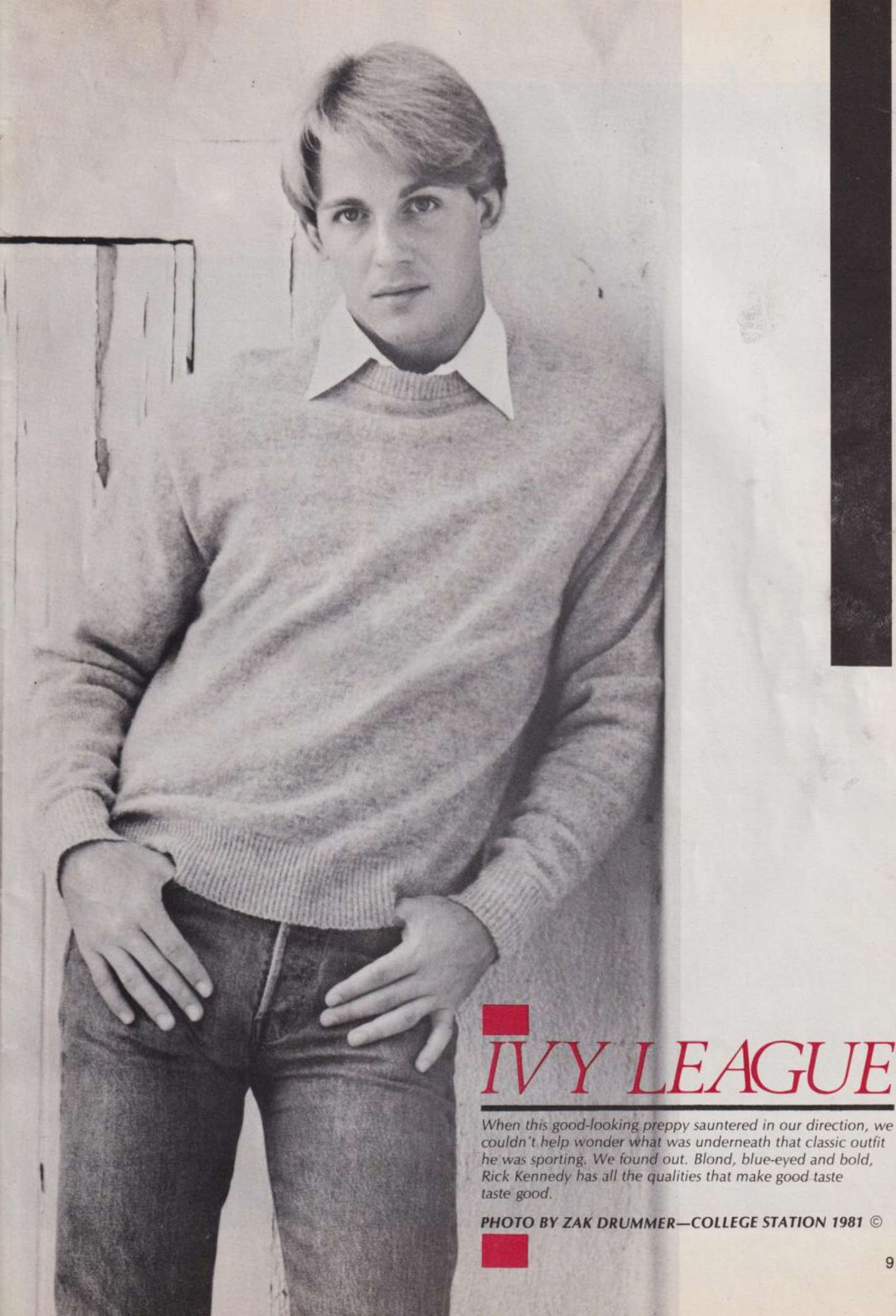
No one worth knowing answers to the name "Pig."

The only correct response to "Can I play Bottom?" is "Yes, if I can play Titania."

The overly luded should be permitted in bars only if there is a shortage of barstools.

A dog collar may accompany you to bar only if a dog does.

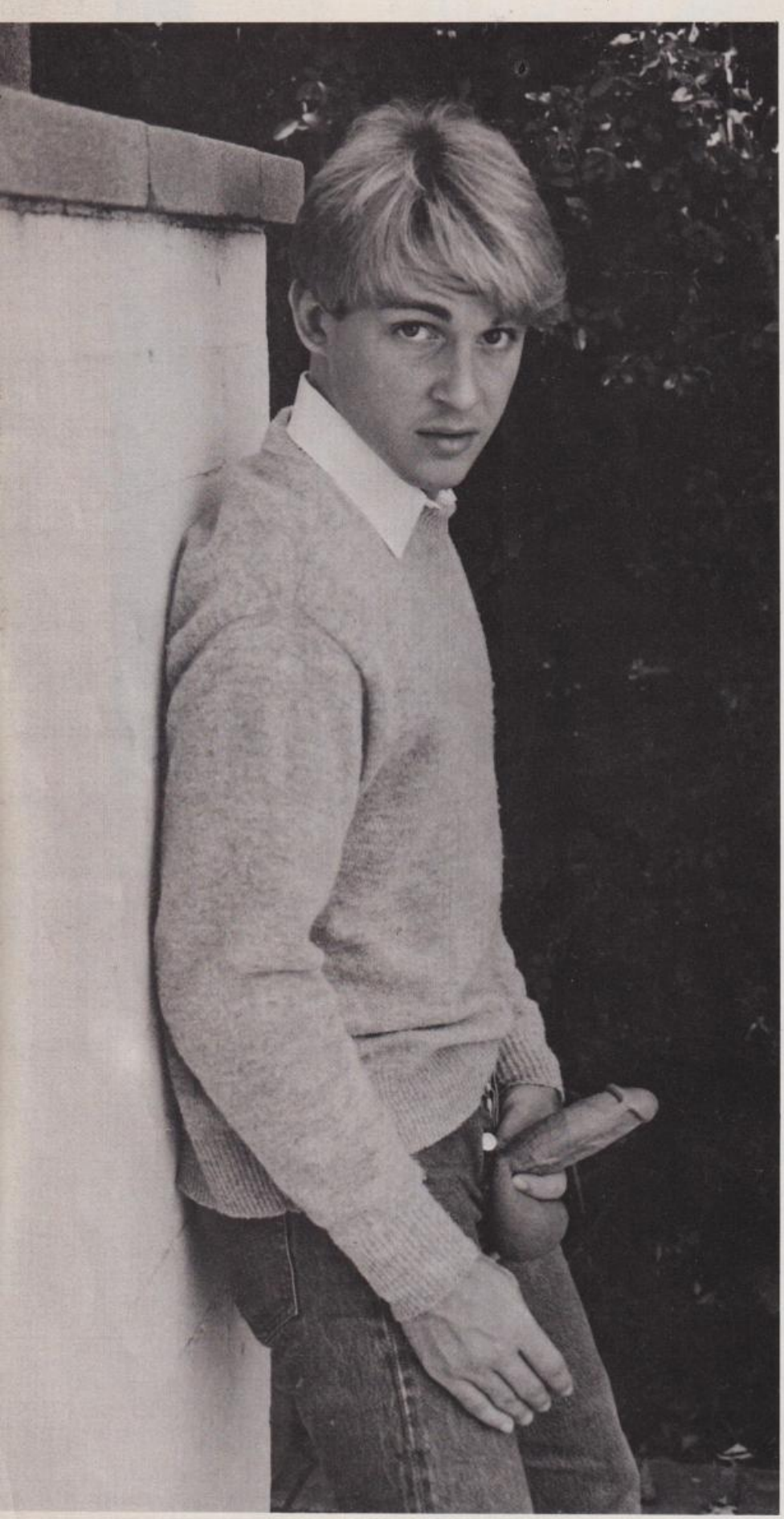
If you wouldn't talk to me at 11 p.m., what bizarre notion leads you to believe *I* would talk to *you* at 2 a.m.?



IVY LEAGUE

When this good-looking preppy sauntered in our direction, we couldn't help wonder what was underneath that classic outfit he was sporting. We found out. Blond, blue-eyed and bold, Rick Kennedy has all the qualities that make good taste taste good.

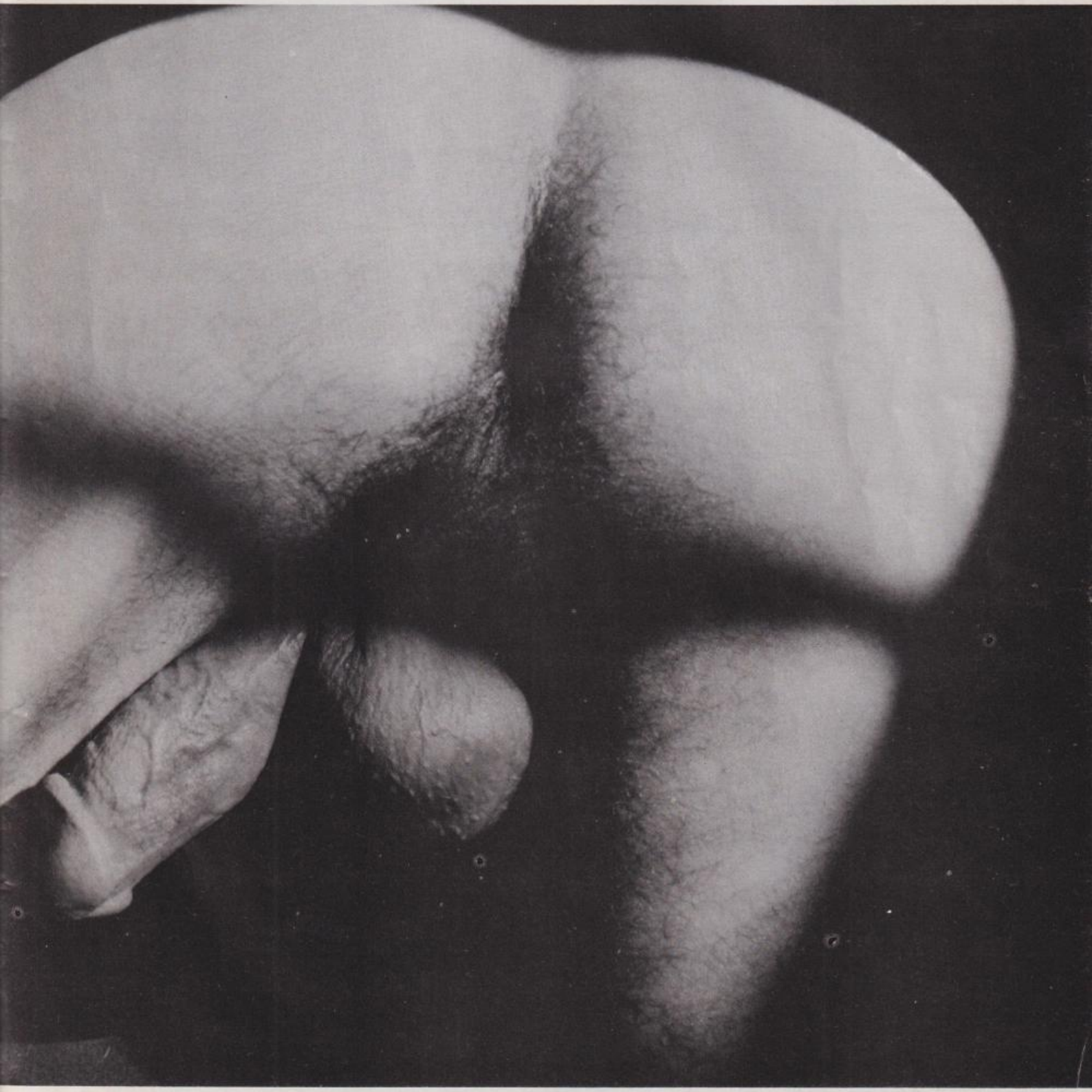
PHOTO BY ZAK DRUMMER—COLLEGE STATION 1981 ©

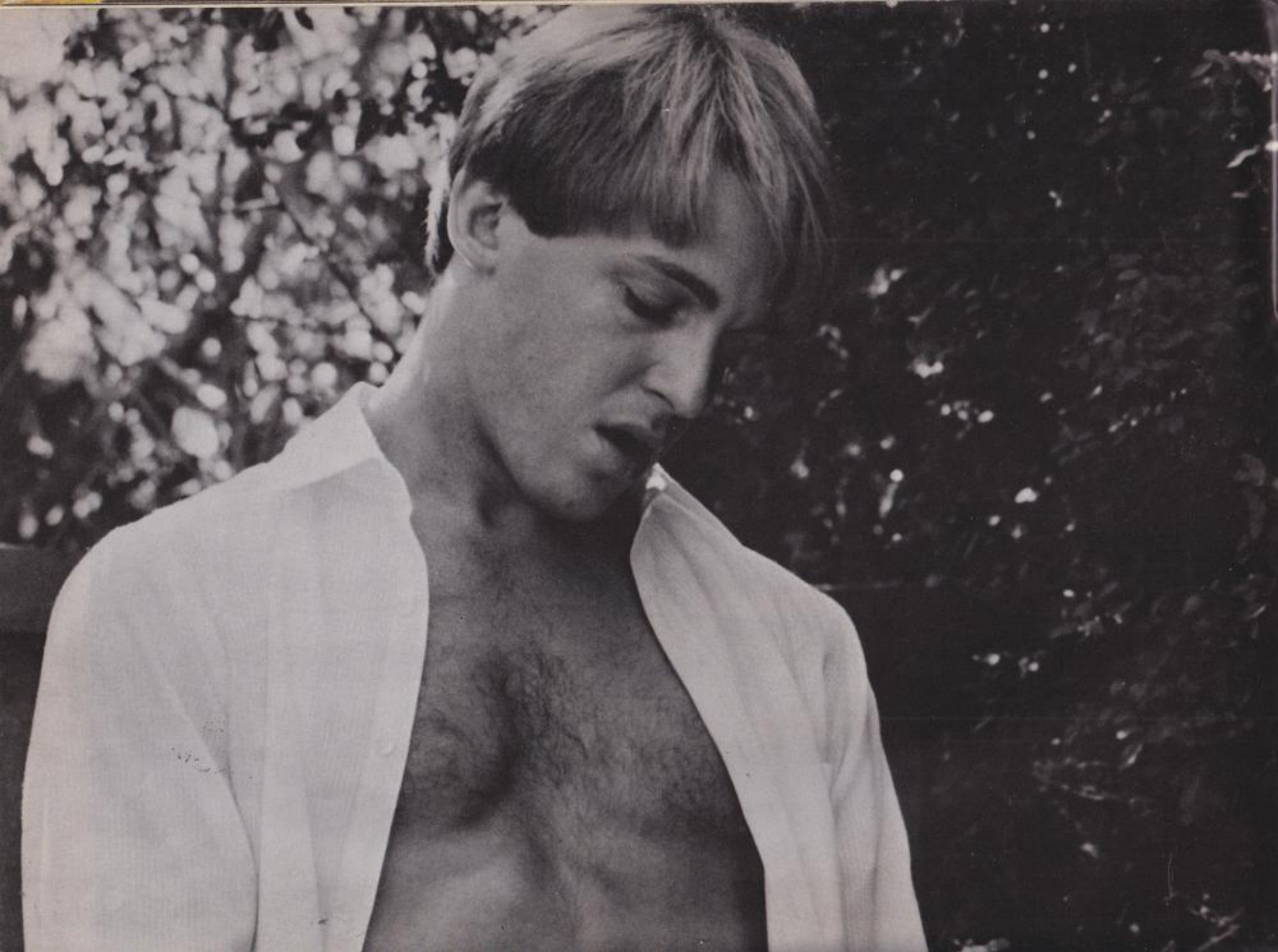


IVY LEAGUE

Would you have guessed Rick Kennedy sported such hefty equipment? With a surprise package as firmly developed as his, there's no wonder that we were ready to do our homework. Those glorious mounds of flesh inspired ivy-league fantasies.

Photography by College Station





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WHO'S WHO AND WHAT'S WHAT

HOT TALK TAPES

Stallion Sound Productions has just come up with the hottest new idea in male erotica to come along in a long, long time—*Hot Talk Tapes*. These audio cassettes capture the live actions of men who dig being together and who know how to get it on. They present construction workers, body builders, and porn stars literally caught in the act.

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For more information, contact: STALLION SOUND PROD., Box 436, Canal Street Station, New York, N.Y. 10013.

SIDNEY, DE-SEXED BUT GAY

What to say about *Love, Sidney*, NBC's new series starring Tony Randall as a. . . well, let's hope the Moral Majority's not listening! . . . *homosexual*? In the two-hour movie intro, the only clue that Sidney (Tony Randall) might be homosexual was his assurance to a female that she could stay in his apartment without risk of sexual molestation. In the series opener October 28, with Swoozie Kurtz (fresh from her Broadway hit *Fifth of July*, also about homosexuality) as his roommate with a young daughter, the Tony Randall character is obviously, to anyone but a neanderthal, gay. NBC wants to have its cake and eat it, too. There were no explicit references to his homosexuality ; implicitly, though, there's no question about it. So, NBC bowed to Moral Majority pressure. Still, you'd have to have been isolated in Madagascar not to have read gossip items about the character's homosexuality. Everyone watching *knows* he's gay. Everything the character does and says is implicitly gay, and he's a loving human being. No doubt about that. (In one incident, he asked a soap opera male star, "You like girls?" The male answered: "Doesn't everyone?" Sidney shrugged, obviously implying "no." Later, he commented, "I lived here with Martin, until he went away." That's pretty tame, admittedly, but. . .) It may turn out that this is precisely the way to integrate a gay character in a leading role into prime-time regularly, showing his positive human qualities, understating things, rather than showing him giving a party for leathermen and drag queens. It's too early to tell, as we go to press. We'll see. . .

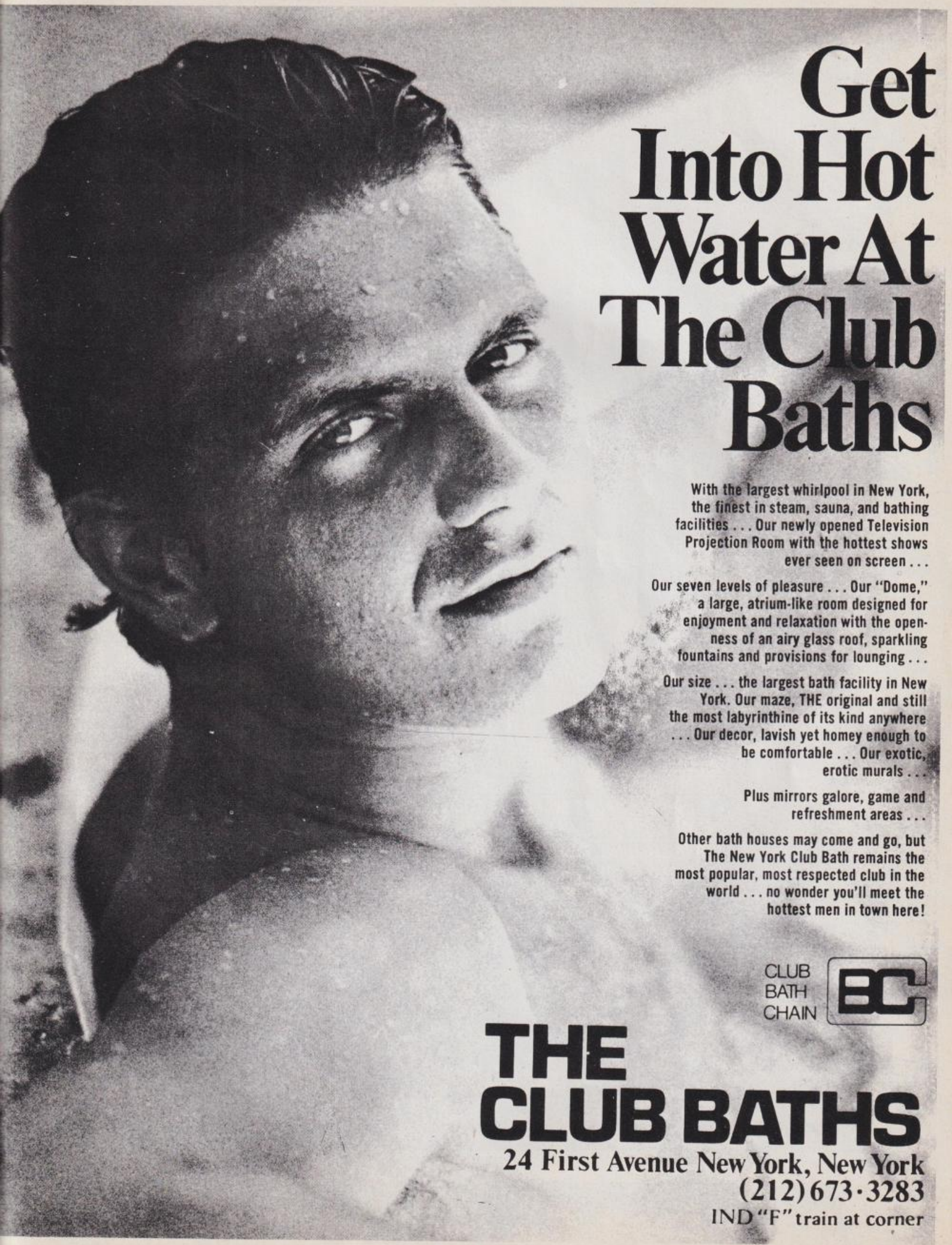
LEGISLATIVE MANDATE

In his statement before the General Welfare Committee hearings on Intro 1017, New York's gay rights bill, State Senate Democratic Leader Manfred Ohrenstein told the New York City Council Members that he was in full support of enactment of the proposed anti-discrimination legislation. He advised the committee that as the representative of his state Senatorial District, which includes one of the largest communities of lesbians and gay men in the country, he had been able to observe directly the harmful effects of the failure to enact a law protecting the civil rights of gay people.

He reminded the committee that the state law prohibiting consensual sodomy had been struck down by the state's highest court. He then added his personal belief that the failure to pass a law that protects the civil rights of lesbians and gay men is an affront to the principles of human rights and equal protection under the law. He admonished the committee that we must not live in a two-tiered society of civil rights for some and not for others. We must not subject a group of people to the threat of being disenfranchised because their sexual preference does not conform to the preconceived notion of others, he argued.

In urging the committee's favorable consideration of the bill, Ohrenstein concluded: "Our mandate as legislators does not entitle us to sit in judgement of a life-style freely chosen by others. It is our responsibility to ensure that every individual is guaranteed equal protection under the law." The bill was defeated again.

Since the support of such influential legislators as Mr. Ohrenstein—and others including City Council President Carol Bellamy and newly-elected Brooklyn D.A. Elizabeth Holtzman—has not been able to sway the New York City council at any time past or present, could it be that the lesbian and gay citizens of the big apple could do more about it themselves? Perhaps New York should take a much closer look at the accomplishments of active gay men and lesbians in San Francisco, who have succeeded more due to their own vociferous vocality than depending on others in political positions to wage their battles for them.



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FASHION PHOTOGRAPHER: GERARD BIANCHI

PHOTO RIGHT: MODEL LEFT—"TUCK" SHIRT IN 100% COTTON POPLIN, $96, WITH 3" TIE BELT IN 100% COTTON DRILL, $12. MODEL MIDDLE—"PATROL" SHIRT, 100% COTTON POPLIN, $78, WITH QUILTED CUMBERBUN IN 100% COTTON DRILL, $22. MODEL RIGHT—"COMBAT" SHIRT, 100% COTTON POPLIN, $78 WITH 2" TIE-BELT IN 100% COTTON POPLIN, $8. AVAILABLE IN S-M-L.

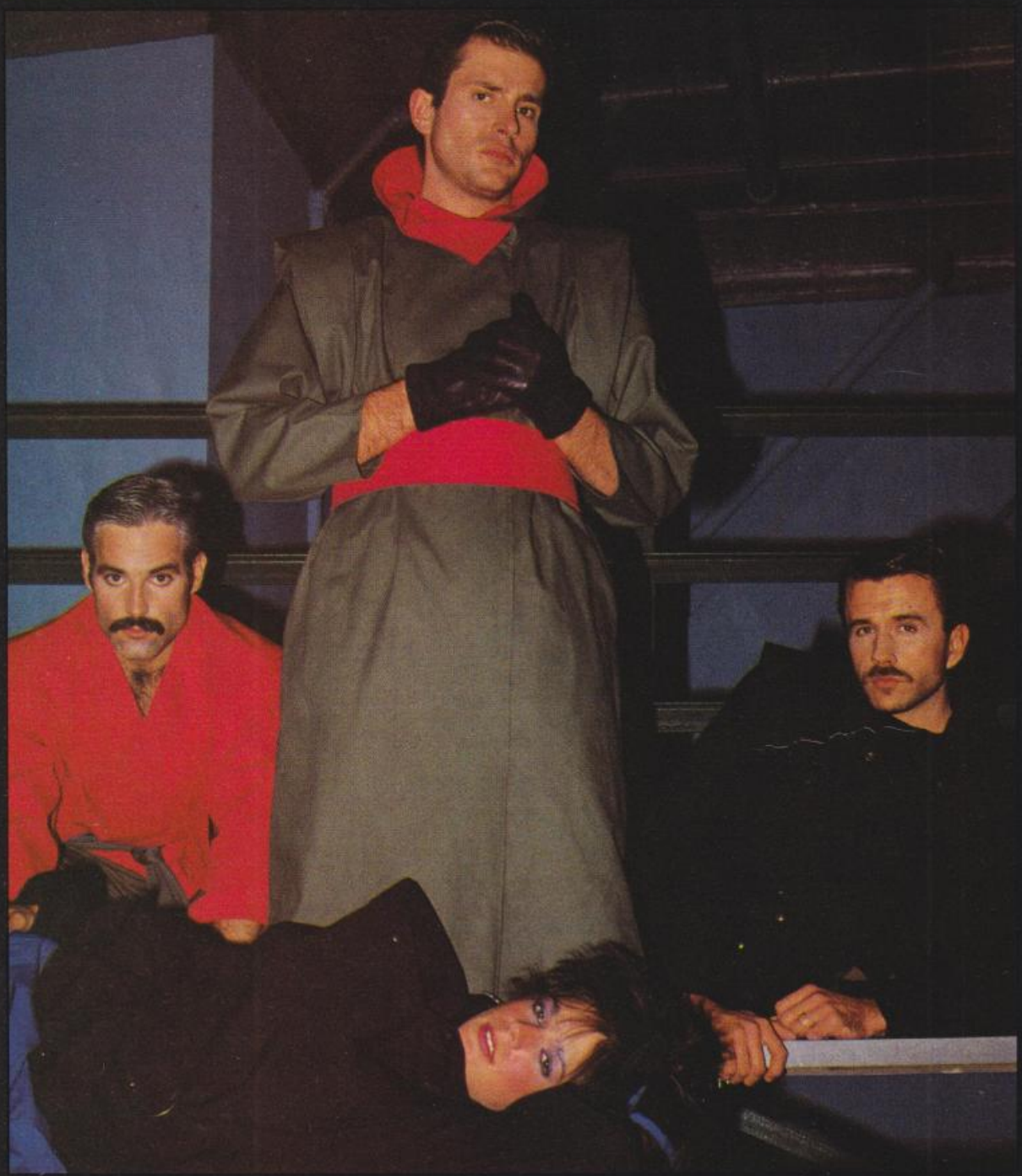
FUTURE SHOCK

PHOTO BELOW: TWO MEN LEFT—WHITE WITH GREY SHORT-SLEEVE FOOTBALL JERSEY IN 100% COTTON JERSEY, $62 OR ALL WHITE, LONG SLEEVE, $68. TWO MEN RIGHT—BLACK AND GREY SQUARE-NECK SLEEVELESS SHIRT IN 100% COTTON JERSEY, $30, AND WHITE MUSCLE T-SHIRT IN 100% COTTON POPLIN, $30. WOMAN—WHITE WADDED ARM BAND WITH HIP PLEAT-DRESS IN 100% COTTON POPLIN, $88. AVAILABLE IN S-M-L.

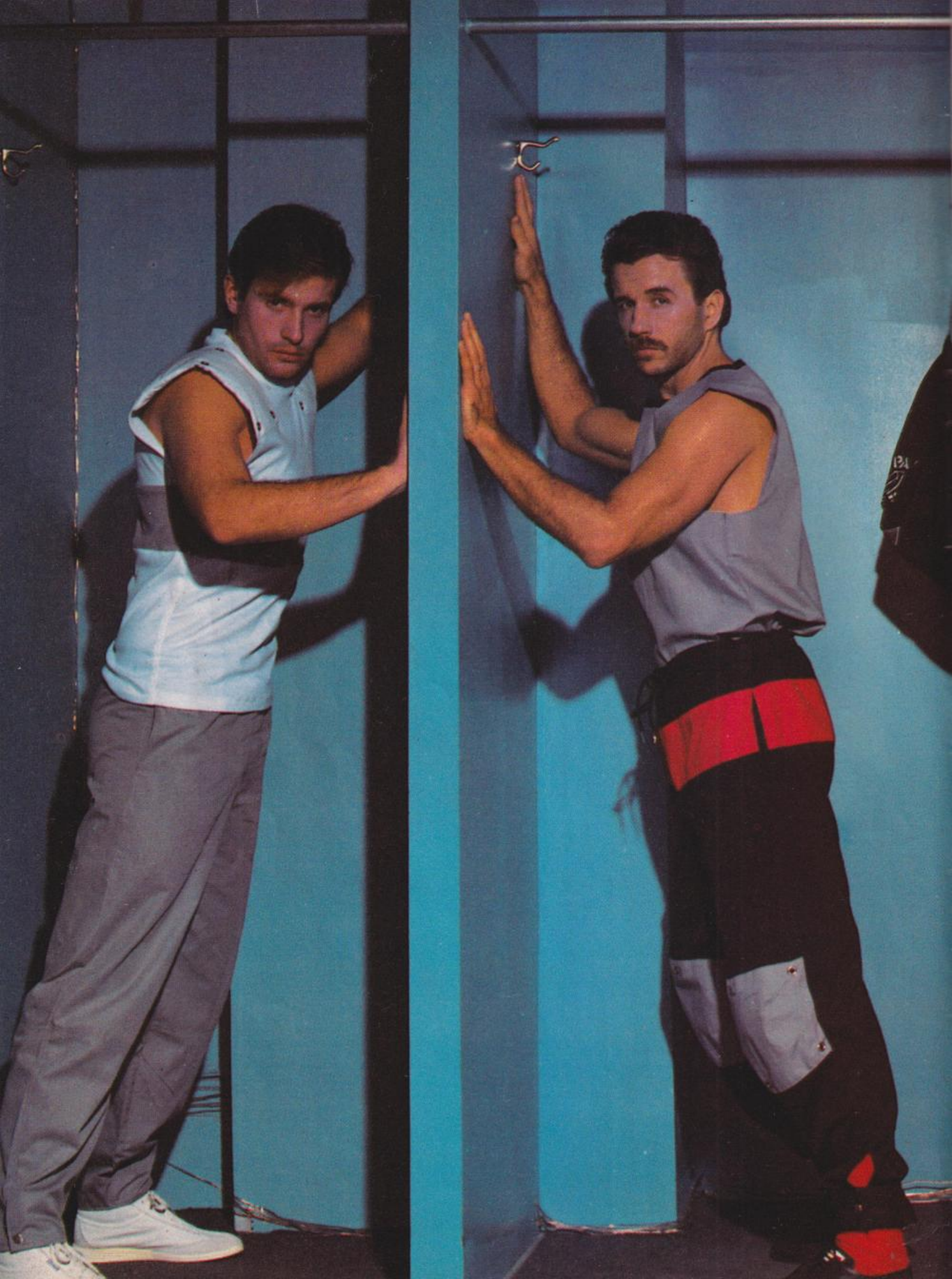
PHOTO RIGHT: MODEL LEFT—FOOTBALL JERSEY IN BLACK WITH GRAY AND RED ACCENTS OF 100% COTTON JERSEY, $68 AND BLACK AND RED SHORTS WITH SNAPS IN 100% COTTON POPLIN, $48. MODEL RIGHT—SQUARE NECK SLEEVELESS OF 100% COTTON POPLIN, $38. AVAILABLE IN S-M-L.

PHOTO BELOW: MODEL LEFT—RED "KIMONO" BLOUSON OF CANVAS FABRIC, $134; MIDDLE—ROLLED SLEEVE OF CANVAS FABRIC, $190. RIGHT—"TRAVEL" JACKET OF 100% COTTON DRILL, $128. LOWER LEFT—BELT-TRENCH JACKET OF CANVAS FABRIC, $158. AVAILABLE IN S-M-L.

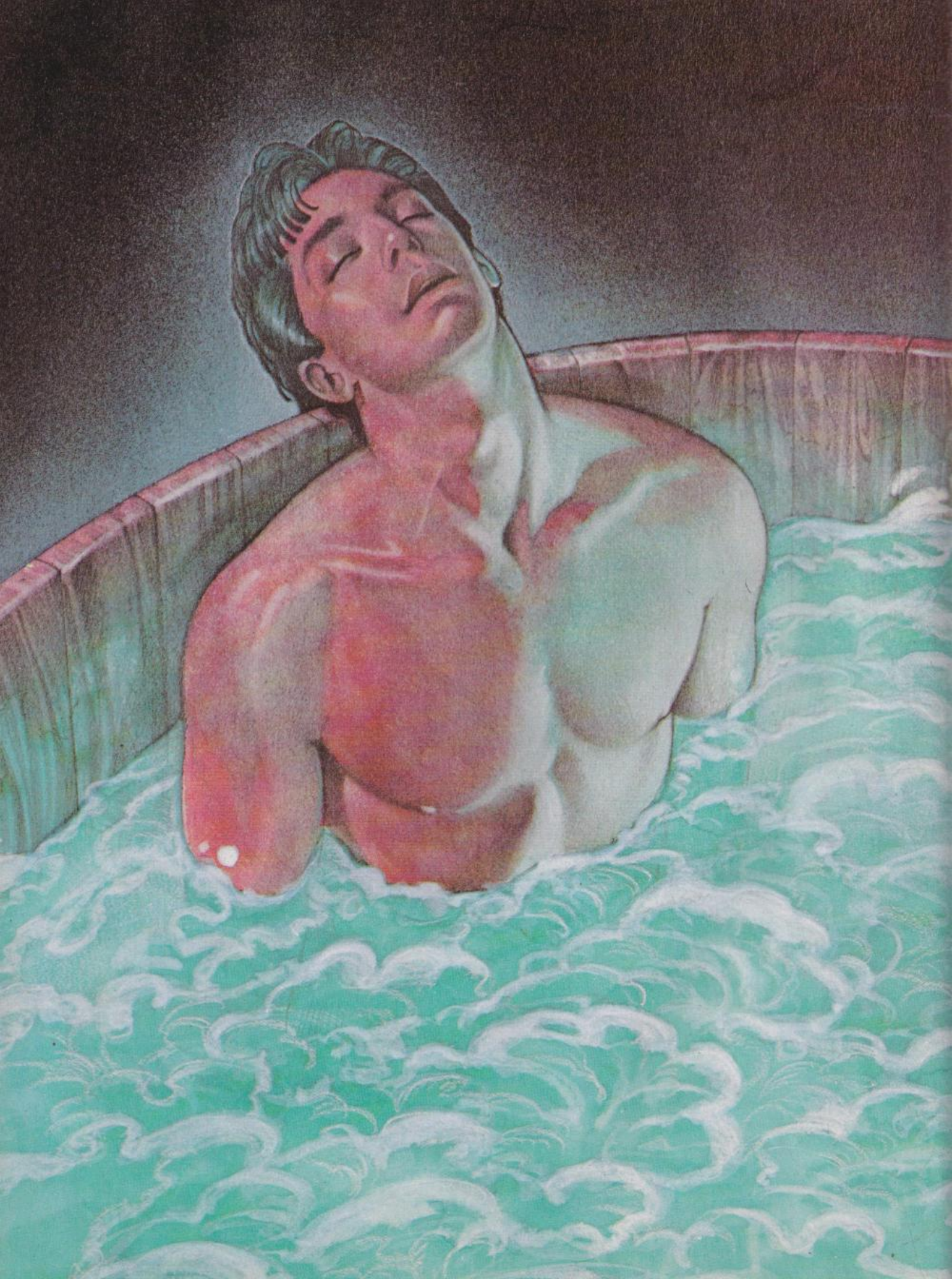
PHOTO RIGHT: FAR LEFT—YELLOW "SHAKESPEARE" JACKET OF 100% COTTON DRILL, $118, TWO-TONE (RED/YELLOW, OTHER COLORS AVAILABLE). TIE BELT OF 100% COTTON DRILL, $22. LEFT—BLACK "SAMURAI" COAT, $190; MIDDLE—"OVERLAP" COAT, $190; AND RIGHT—GRAY AND RED ROLL-SLEEVE COAT, $158. ALL IN CANVAS FABRIC. AVAILABLE IN S-M-L.



HAIR AND MAKE UP BY LON ELLIS, JEWELRY BY IRIS PARKER



FAR LEFT—SLEEVELESS WADDED SHOULDER T-SHIRT IN WHITE AND GREY IN 100% COTTON JERSEY, $48 WITH DRAWSTRING PANTS OF 100% COTTON POPLIN, $68. LEFT—GREY MUSCLE T-SHIRT IN 100% COTTON POPLIN, $30, AND BLACK KNEE-PATCH DRAWSTRING PANTS IN 100% COTTON, $78. RIGHT—SNAP-SLEEVE T-SHIRT (WHITE) IN 100% COTTON POPLIN, $42, WHITE PANTS SAME AS LEFT. FAR RIGHT—KOBE KOULOTTE DRESS IN 100% BROAD CLOTH, $78. ADDITIONAL TIE-BELT, $8. AVAILABLE IN S-M-L. SNEAKERS ARE AVAILABLE FROM GROUND LEVEL, 152 EIGHTH AVENUE IN NEW YORK CITY. FORMSPORT BRAND IN LEATHER-SUEDE, ASSORTED COLORS, $45.



THE POOL

BY MICHAEL SIENNA • ART BY DAVID MARTIN

Today is the anniversary of my graduation. After four years of college I bummed and worked my way around Europe as a present to myself, but after a year of celebration I decided to return home to my parents' place on the West Coast. I didn't call them when I arrived in New York as I promised, but instead decided to stay in the big city and have an adventure or two before I flew out to California and just knock at the door without any warning and surprise the hell out of both of them. I have some friends who live somewhere in Soho and go to NYU, so I stayed with them until I rested from my flight. Then I wandered off by myself to look for trouble.

My first night on my own I located the infamous bath-house. I was ready to make the best of it and I did since it was an environment in which I knew absolutely no one and no one knew me. I was, therefore, able to be as uninhibited as I pleased. The place deserved its reputation as it was certainly the hottest bath-house I'd ever been in and I've had my share of experiences with bath-houses. There seemed to be a disco coffee klatch which congregated in the cafeteria but upstairs the action was fabulous. Not long after I got to the baths I spotted this dude downstairs in the showers, and decided right there and then he was the one I wanted. He was a good-looking, dark-haired Irish kid. . . the dark and hairy kind that almost looks Italian or Jewish. John was his name. I asked him. I told him I usually don't approach guys like that but I didn't feel like wasting my time in the endless merry-go-round upstairs in the labyrinths of rooms. I told him my room number and invited him to join me there if he was into it. He was knocking on my door two minutes later. Alright! I thought to myself, this one's got balls. Two minutes later we were all over each other. I couldn't get over how good looking he was. The sex was intense: he was adventuresome and we got into a real primal fucking scene. He definitely knew how to make love with a man and he had the best ass: like a little bear, the kind I could eat for hours and hours. After we finished I douched and showered and left the baths. Why stay for more? There couldn't have been anybody better so why bother. I was content, or so I thought.

I was walking uptown, enjoying the experience of watching the city at night. I was still high and felt great. At a certain point, however, I noticed this guy checking me out. Every time I stopped to look at something in a store window, he also would pause and continue on his way uptown only after I had moved on my way first. I caught his image in a store window. He wasn't bad at all. On the contrary. He looked like that ex-football player who has that sports news program on TV. I saw that look in his eye. OK, motherfucker, I thought to myself, we'll see what happens. He finally ap- *to page 70*

"Not long after I got to the baths I spotted this dude downstairs in the showers, and decided right there and then he was the one I wanted."

HARRY PARNASS NICOLA PELLY

PARACHUTE

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LEGEND

Continued from page 3

Make no mistake about it, she personifies America in a way no other single public figure does. Yankee to the core, independent of spirit, her fine mind firmly rooted—too firmly rooted, some might say—in the solid American values that survive facile fads and societal ups-and-downs.

We've heard those quotes, of course, suggesting that she thinks New York is too ethnic, that she's straight-laced and anti-gay, that she's corseted in 19th century values.

"What's wrong with *that*!" one can almost hear the inimitable voice challenge, crackling.

Whatever her opinions, her life speaks for itself, as do her roles.

For five decades, she has incarnated the inquisitive, life-affirming, value-questing, independent woman who will not take no for an answer. She would occasionally compromise—Tracy could make her back down a bit; so could Cary Grant—but by and large she stuck to her guns, saw things through, remained true to herself and her ideals.

You may question those ideals in their particulars, you may find them too uncompromising to accommodate post-1960s liberation movements, you may think she's prim psychologically, staid sociologically, and naive politically. But you cannot argue the fact of her durability.

She has sometimes been maddening, of course. Certain quirky mannerisms did not cease with increased experience. As late as *The Rainmaker* (1956), shameless overacting, daring in its audacity perhaps but still *awful*, could suddenly erupt into an until then controlled performance. And precisely how much did she realize she was being *used* for grotesque self-parody in both *Suddenly Last Summer* and *The Lion in Winter*?

Early on, Hepburn incarnated the individual full of ideals, determined to make it without moral compromise. Mid-stream in her career, she was often the outsider whose idiosyncrasies seemed to alienate her from mainstream happiness; Humphrey Bogart, Burt Lancaster and Rossano Brazzi had to dig through protective layers of carefully constructed defense mechanisms to free her spinsterish spirit from self-imposed exile. Later came Eleanor of Aquitaine, Mary Tyrone, the last Tracy-Hepburn pairing, film or tv versions of Albee, Anouilh and Tennessee Williams—the Hepburn as Myth period.

Her elevation to mythic status can be attributed to several characteristics that imbued each role with special resonances, yet shone through the role precisely because they were so firmly etched in the performer herself: individuality, independence, idiosyncrasy.

Individuality? She *was* unlike anyone else. In *Stage Door* (1937), the snobby Terry Randall isn't just one of the girls, can't be, won't be. Hepburn is best in it when she's not "acting," but merely letting the intrinsic Hepburn persona coincide with the character's. That early, too, Hepburn already "acts" so self-consciously that one does not watch a character in a story, but an actress "acting," often to the film's detriment.

But this core of strong self that cannot be contained within the confines of a "character" is precisely what makes Hepburn Hepburn: she overflows the boundaries of the character, and what overflows is pure star-power charisma, bursting beyond the bounds imposed.

Excess? Mannerism? Of course. The irony, to be sure, is that they are not superficially tacked on but are erupting from within. Hepburnism is no copycat's attempt to be unforgettable. It comes naturally to her or if, once, long, long ago, it *was* a mask, the mask has become stuck to the face.

Independence? To her, as actor and character, actual psychological dependence on another human being has been unthinkable. Dependence requires compromise if not downright self-abnegation. Regardless of Hepburn's interview statements, the woman herself is a living example of unorthodox deviation from the norm, of fidelity to self and one's individual values. She always seemed a majority of one.

Idiosyncrasy? If Hollywood wanted plump dumb blonds, here was a bright, horsey brunette. If Hollywood wanted Americana, here was the perpetual outsider questioning every value. If Hollywood's star factories tended to homogenize the unique, here was the individual so rare the gears ground to a halt. The factory stopped trying, and let her be.

There she was, god damn it.

Fifty years later, here she is. Still.

Take her or leave her.

Chances are you'll take her.

—JD

"This strong self that cannot be contained within the confines of a 'character' is precisely what makes Hepburn Hepburn: she overflows the boundaries of any character with star-power charisma."

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Spotlight

Shimazaki evoked Isadora Duncan in recent New York dance performances.

REVIEWS BY JOSEPH ARSENAULT AND SETH MARSHALL

"TOMFOOLERY"

Tomfoolery, the words and music of Tom Lehrer, now playing Upstairs at the Gate in New York, is a fun-evening filled with relevant politic and and social satire. Though most of the songs were written by Mr. Lehrer in the late fifties and sixties, the droll wit of this musical Will Rogers is as biting as ever. They prove that, although time marches on, society and its politics continue to drag its collective feet. With very little updating, such as adding a gay couple to one of the numbers and a stinging comment on Jerry Falwell in another, Mr. Lehrer's music is as appropriate to politics today as it was twenty-five years ago.

Each number is cleverly staged by directors Gary Pearle and Mary Kyte. The ensemble of four actors change costumes and roles with great facility and aplomb: Joy Franz, MacIntyre Dixon, Donald Corren, and Jonathan Hadary. Hadary also acts as moderator, holding the evening of individual vignettes together with ease and a flawless timing. His number "The Elements" is perfection.

Without losing their individuality, these actors are a splendid example of ensemble playing. They seem to be having just as much fun as their audience; this makes the evening even more enjoyable. And, behind it all, one can sense that they understand the importance of their comments in a time when our government has economized on social programs in favor of more bombs. A special mention must be made of the creative inventiveness of set designer Tom Lynch, and the razzle-dazzle of Ann Emont's costumes. *Tomfoolery* is a mirth-provoking revue sure to entertain and sharpen your sense of awareness at the same time. It should be around for a long, long while. —SM

DUNCANMANIA

Modern dance, like most modern art, teaches us one thing. Seeming to be pointless is not necessarily pointless at all. Quite to the contrary, when the trappings of meaning are eliminated, an appreciation for pure movement can result. Does strange high-pitched music always mean estrangement? Does it not give a too-easy context to formlessness in dance? These are important questions that Shimazaki and Dancers, appearing at St. Peter's Church Theatre in New York's Citicorp Center, addressed themselves to.

Borrowing from Isadora Duncan and Michio Ito, Shimazaki, a Japanese choreographer, brought an Oriental inscrutability to modern 12-tone sounds. The combination works very well. "Autumn," scored to Ravel piano music, was a beautiful dance of death where a man and a woman in funeral black brought life and meaning in a pas-de-deux that was at once troubling and lyrical. The best duet was Shimazaki and Takahashi in "Nocturnal III-V," in which the couple arabesque around a white chair, struggle with each other, with the woman stretching and clinging to her male partner while enabling him to dance a powerful solo on the white chair. The female partner revives to dance out her last gasp. The abstract lyricism here works beautifully.

How sad that the second half, in a collection of quick pieces that all suffer from Duncanmania, brings out the worst in this choreographer. His homage to Isadora may be sincere but the effect is devastating. It robs him of what he does best. Imagine an instrumental "Ave Maria" with a man in a blue toga rapturously staring off into space for what seems like five minutes. One spectator noted, "But did he dance?" Good question. When Shimazaki opts for a more literal reading of dance, he falls flat on his face. The more Isadora Duncan you see, the more you understand how "campy" she was. "Mother" and "Revolutionary," both Duncan pieces, have Shimazaki gesticulating wildly with silent-screen hysteria. These dances to Scriabin etudes seem ludicrous. Pianist Dmitry Rachmanov accompanies beautifully, however; it is almost better to close your eyes and open your ears. "Lotusland" danced by Takahashi is the only number that soars. It's Bali-inspired roots show through brilliantly and combine West and East in a hybrid form that should have aroused more, not less, work. For a Sunday afternoon divertissement, Shimazaki and Dancers were delightful. They should stick with what they do best—abstract modern dance. —JA

S&M

A FINE LINE

BY SPIKE • ART BY DOMINO

"Most of my top friends agree that we became tops out of self-preservation. There are just too many amateurs out there who claim to be masters and have not learned to master the male body. There is a fine line between acute pain and supreme ecstasy."

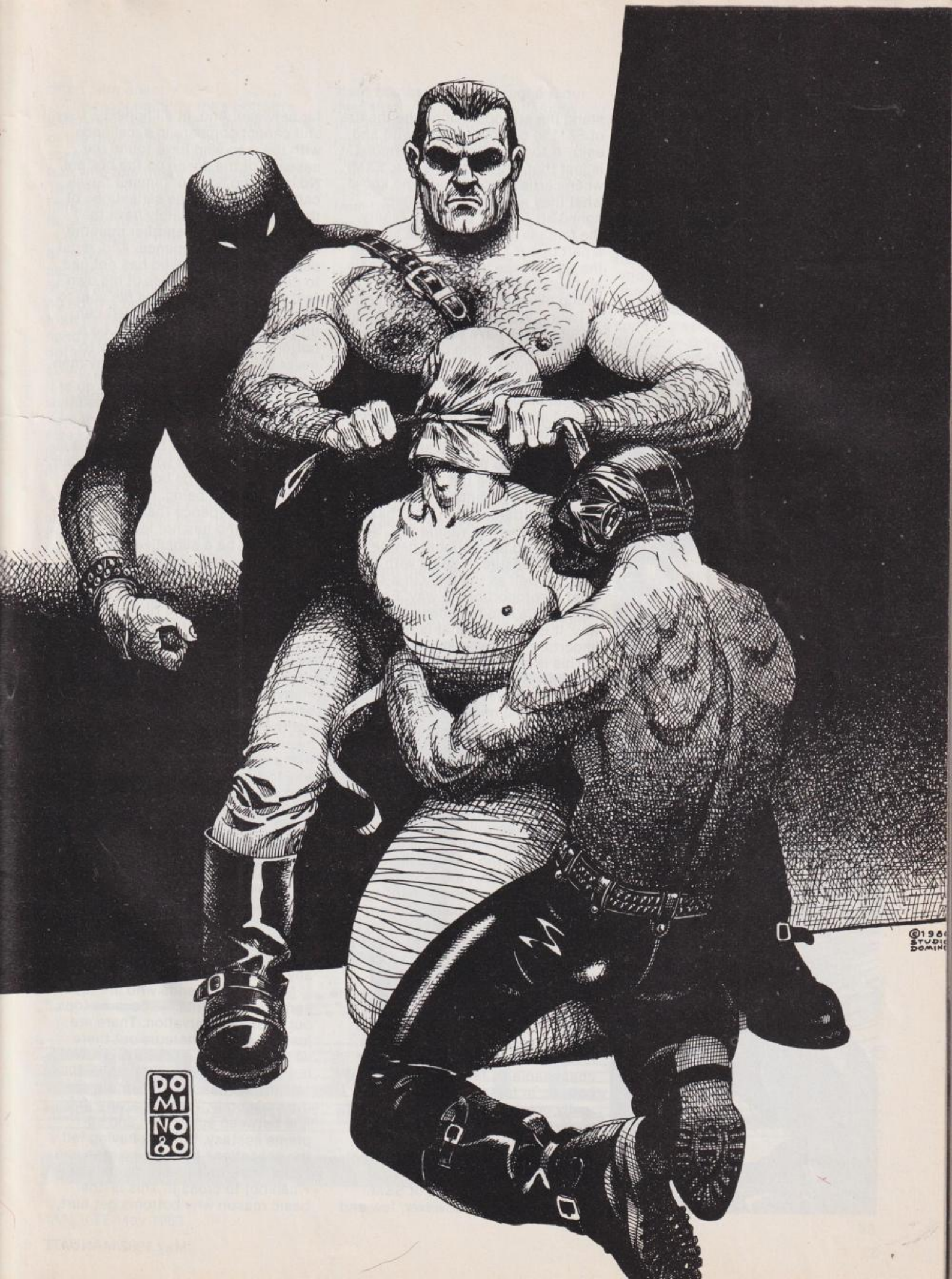
A side effect of the more open and liberated sexual lifestyles of both gay and straight people is that S&M, once relegated to the domain of a secretive few, has also come out of its closet. Toy shops flourish, dispensing the paraphernalia used by devotees, and leather shops abound. S&M has become a big business and chic new sexual indulgence. It has also become a way of life for many as well as a vehicle of death for some. Why?

The basic problem, as I see it, is that although the number of people engaging in forms of gay S&M sex has increased, the knowledge and understanding of what they are doing, and why, have never really been explored in depth. Without thinking of the ramifications or possible consequences, the Christopher and Castro Street clones have adapted the S&M image without the corresponding mentality or talent necessary to engage in this art successfully.

Like too many fads adopted by gay men, the look has caught on, but the surface of the whole scene is almost unscratched. The clones have merely traded in their plaid flannel shirts and faded denims for leather jackets and pants. Or, as they have with the mentality of the new world they've entered, they have simply covered them up with chaps and vests. This not only causes a great deal of confusion, it can and has led to too many incidents of permanent injury to both mental and physical well-being, as well as several fatalities.

The idea of death involved with sex of any kind is not a very exciting prospect. Yet it is and has been a part of reality for every gay man who cruises and picks up any stranger at any time. S&M does not have to be a major factor in the inherent danger of sex with an unknown person. But, the fact that more and more people are frequenting S&M hangouts has greatly increased the peril. If this thought is beginning to scare you a little bit, good! That's the whole idea for this article. First let me explain that I am very into the wide spectrum of leather and S&M sex. And secondly, let me say that this article is a result of the deaths of people I know or knew personally or who have had professional contacts or dealings with this magazine.

The sad reality is that no one needs to be injured or killed. The fact is that S&M should be and is, if carried out properly, fun and very rewarding. One only needs to under-


DOMINO 80

stand the attitude behind the theatre of S&M to be able to cope with and enjoy it to the fullest. Furthermore, it is just that, enjoyable theatre. S&M, when carried out by men who know what they are about, is a finely honed art form. It brings to reality the fantasy images that are so much a part of our lives. Those who enter the S&M scene looking for real pain and real debasement are in the wrong place as far as I'm concerned.

Taking into consideration that different people have varying thresholds of pain, not one person who is seriously involved in sexual S&M as I know it will argue that the physical act should be painful. Rather, we should insist that it *must* feel good. If it hurts, it's no fun. And good, healthy sex, and S&M can and should fall into that category, and should always be fun. It is in the acting out of S&M fantasy that the scene is different than what has become known as vanilla sex. S&M is a two-fold recreational device for intense pleasure. It deals with the head as well as the body in a somewhat disproportionate way. For those of us into the scene in a real way, it is the head that is the most important factor.

This is not to minimize the intensity of the physical in a heavy S&M interaction. Rather it points up the fact that the mind must be dealt with first in order to derive the satisfaction of the flesh. S&M, more than any other sexual encounter, must involve both mind and body to the fullest in order to be effectively complete. It is an intricately emotional experience as well as a physical one. This is where most people fall short.

For those who are into the scene in a together way, the term S&M is almost meaningless as anything but a label. As far as I can see there is nothing sadistic about giving an ultimate pleasure trip to another man. Just as there is nothing masochistic about deriving pleasure from experiencing the nearest one can come to realizing one's own fantasies. It has also been my experience that those who engage in S&M with a healthy mental attitude are interchangeable as far as being on top or bottom. In fact, the tops who are really good at what they do almost always have learned their trade as bottoms. In very rare instances, I have run across tops who have not been bottoms, and are still reasonably good at the art of S&M.

These men are, however, few and far between. And, in all honesty, they still cannot compare in excellence with the men who have found the essence of the scene on the bottom. No man who has not himself physically experienced the sensations of the bottom can possibly have the right touch to give another man the same thrilling experience. And, most especially, no man who has not had to deal with the realities of his own fantasy life and searched his soul to be totally honest with himself can understand what it means to be a bottom. I have made it a policy to never be on the bottom with any man who has not been there himself.

As previously stated, the whole S&M scene is based on a total honest mental communication. Nobody who has not felt the necessity to be honest first with himself can be relied upon to be honest with another human being. It has also been my experience that not only can a top who has not learned from the bottom be a sensitive and capable top, he usually does not have the respect for his bottom that is a primary prerequisite for the fantasy that approaches reality.

It takes a lot of hard work and trust to be a good bottom. No man who has not had that experience can appreciate what that means. Too many men attempt to pass themselves off as hot top men and have not the slightest clue as to what that means. It doesn't take long to realize that a top is not very good. One sure way to tell is right in the bar. A man who squeezes a nipple until the pain is excruciating right from the first is a dolt. Given enough time and a chance to build sensations, what is painful at an instant like that could become very pleasurable in a few hours if worked up to it. Anyone who has been a bottom knows that. Anyone who has learned on the bottom knows that you must go slowly and cautiously if you want to reach any pinnacles of pleasure.

Most of my friends who are tops agree with me that we became tops out of self-preservation. There are just too many amateurs out there who claim to be masters and have not learned to master the appreciation for the beauty and sanctity of the male body. There is a very fine line between acute pain and supreme ecstasy. Without having felt the sensations himself, no man can know when that line is reached or when not to cross it. This is one basic reason why bottoms get hurt,

often permanently.

The responsibility for a bottom's safety and well being is in the hands of the top during the course of a scene. But, ultimately, it is the bottom who has the *real* responsibility. The bottom must decide before things get into gear whether or not he wants to trust the man who will take charge of him. A healthy case of nerves is intelligent and necessary for a successful evening of fun and games. Fear is a definite no no. If a bottom feels uneasy more than he feels comfortable in the hands of his new master, things cannot progress very far. If a bottom is afraid, things cannot progress at all. It is up to the top to instill a sense of well being and safety in his bottom. If he has never had to trust someone else or be reassured himself in that position, how can he be successful at doing it to anyone else?

In the final analysis, what a fulfilling S&M encounter requires before anything physical ever happens is the establishment of respect. In far too many instances, so-called top men have no respect for the man who happens to be under them. We as gay men often suffer from low self-esteem as a result of the constant bombardment throughout our lives that we are bad or evil. Sadly, this negative feeling is carried over into our sex lives and finds a seemingly comfortable niche in S&M. The thing that separates those who work at S&M in a mentally healthy way from those who do not is that they recognize that they are, after all is said and done, still human beings.

As a top, I cannot have much respect for a bottom who does not respect himself. And, as a bottom, I cannot feel much confidence in a man who does not think of me as a fellow being with all the frailties that entails. Fantasy is one thing, but the reality of life is that after any sexual encounter, especially an S&M scene, life will go on the next day. This is one fact that I choose never to ignore.

The fantasy of torture or rape can be a turn on for some. The reality of these things can be quite horrendous. Expertise at making these fantasies seem real and feel as close to reality, both physically and mentally, as possible is what separates the men from the boys. A good top will send his bottom home in as good a shape as he found him. Sometimes a few welts or bruises may be evident, but on the whole it is the top's responsibility to see to it that no permanent damage is done to his bottom either emotionally or physically. And, in the final analysis, it is always the bottom's responsibility to be as sure as possible that the top he has chosen is not crazy.

This brings me to a few other rules that I have adopted for myself over the years. I have found that anyone who is into the S&M scene in an honest way will discuss it. Anyone who tells me that he doesn't want to spoil the spontaneity or the novelty of what may happen to him or from him is not into the scene at all. I refuse to take anyone home with me or to go home with anyone if I don't already have some idea of what is going to take place. It is not necessary to have a blow by blow description beforehand, but I do feel that it is important for each party to know just what the other is into. For example, it is a little difficult to get someone into bondage if you spring it on them all at once when they have never been into it before.

Only by open frank discussion can you hope to get a sense of what will occur between the two of you before

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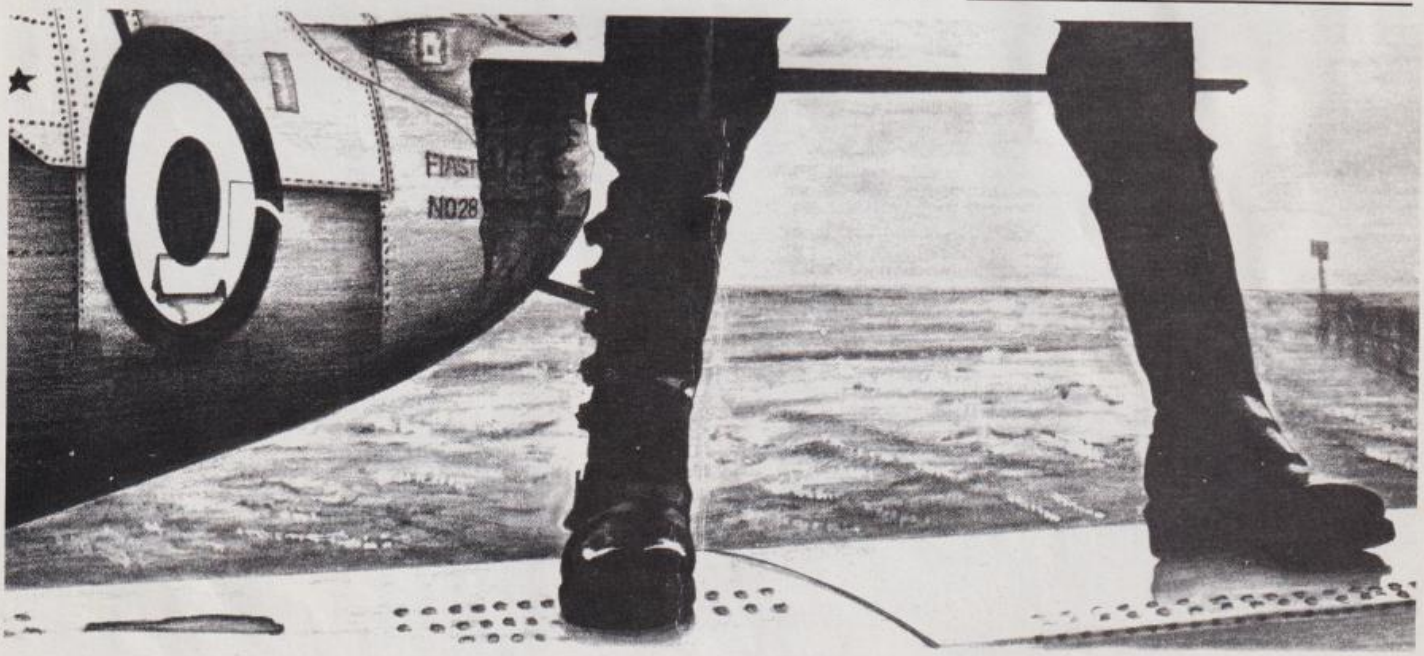

GROUND LEVEL
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ANYTHING GOES

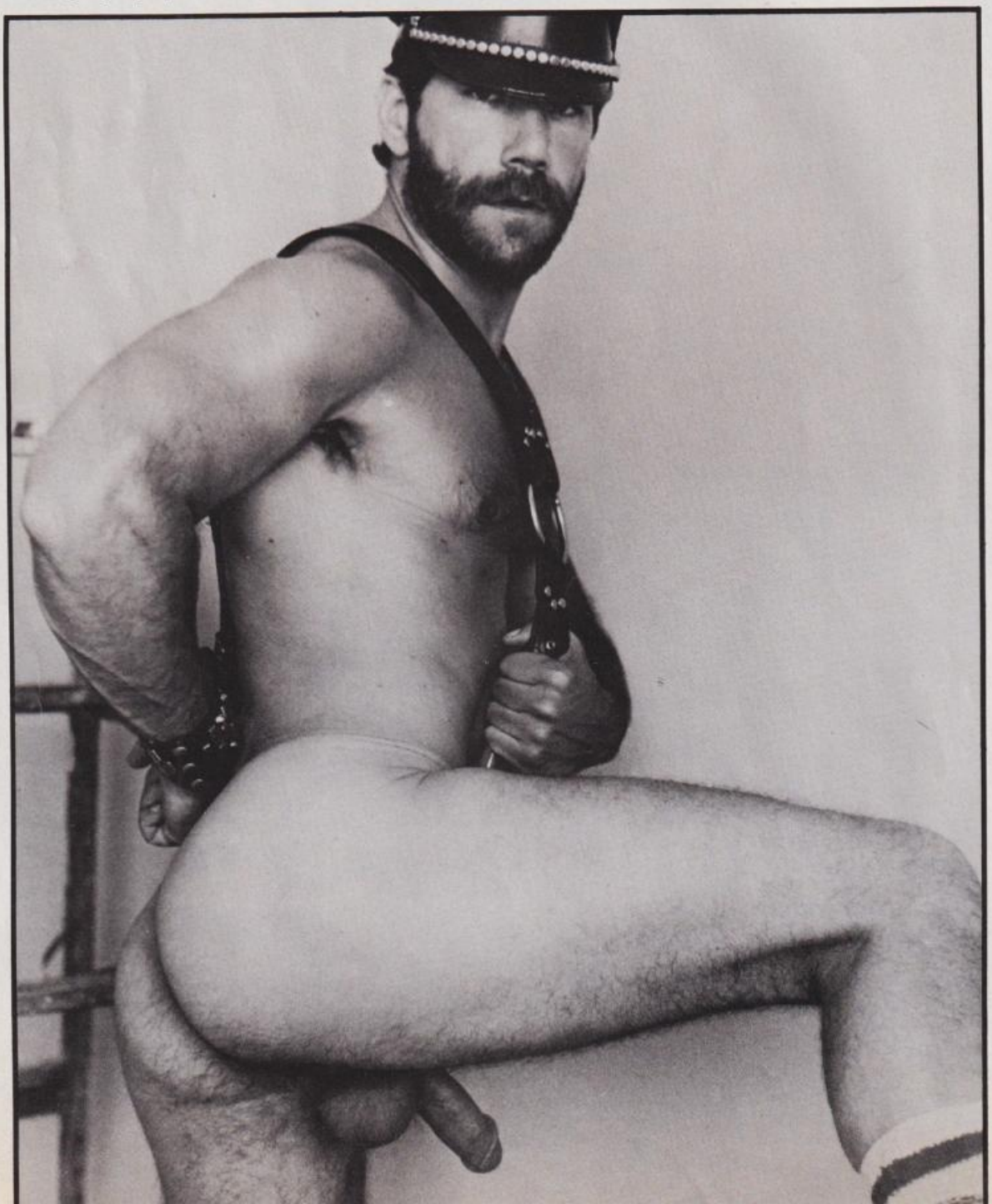
The man in the leather hat and studded belt is Mickey Squires. You've seen him before. But here he is again, accented with fleshtones set off by the dark contrast leather provocatively provides.

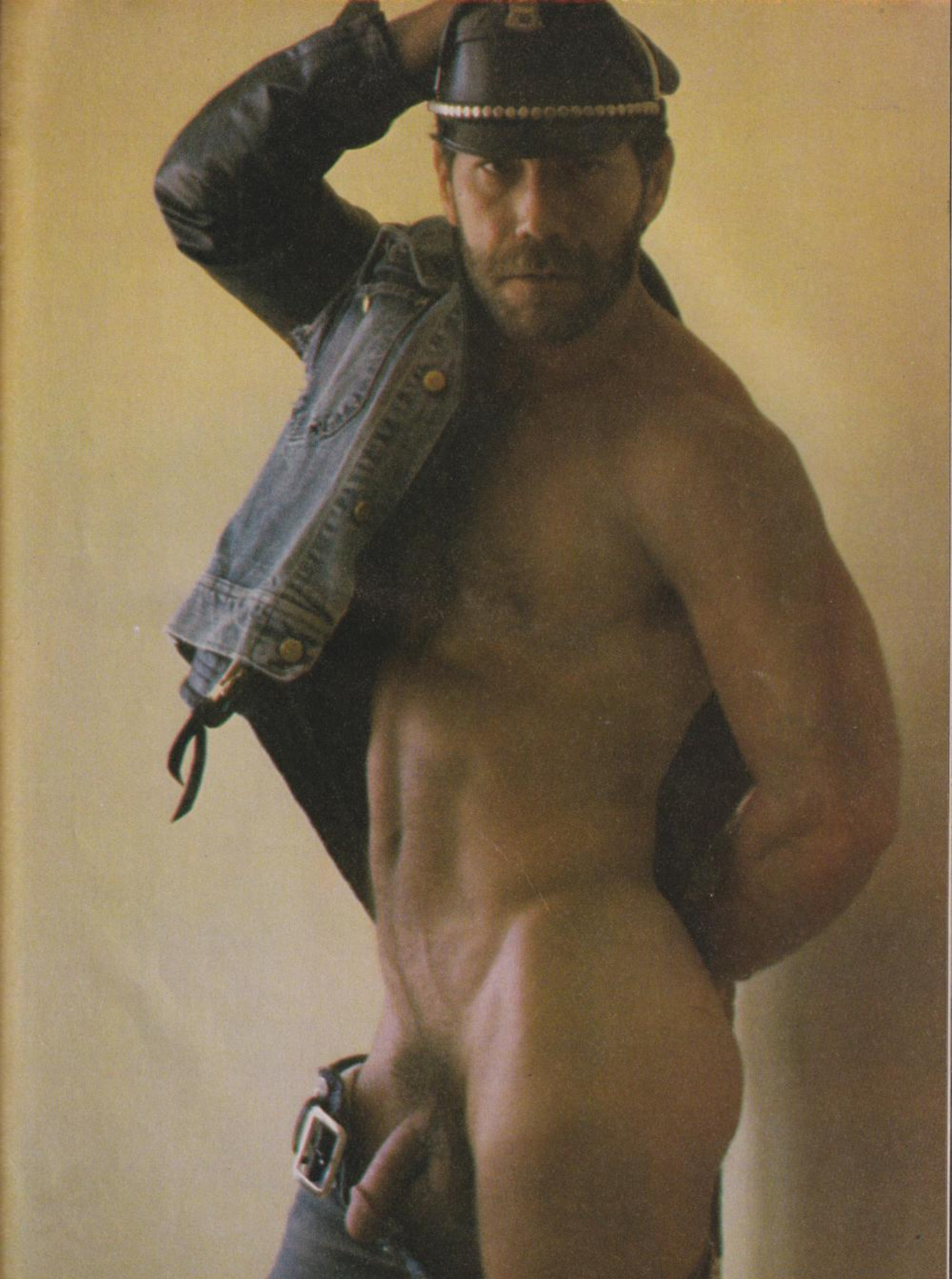
Photography by Fred Bisonnes

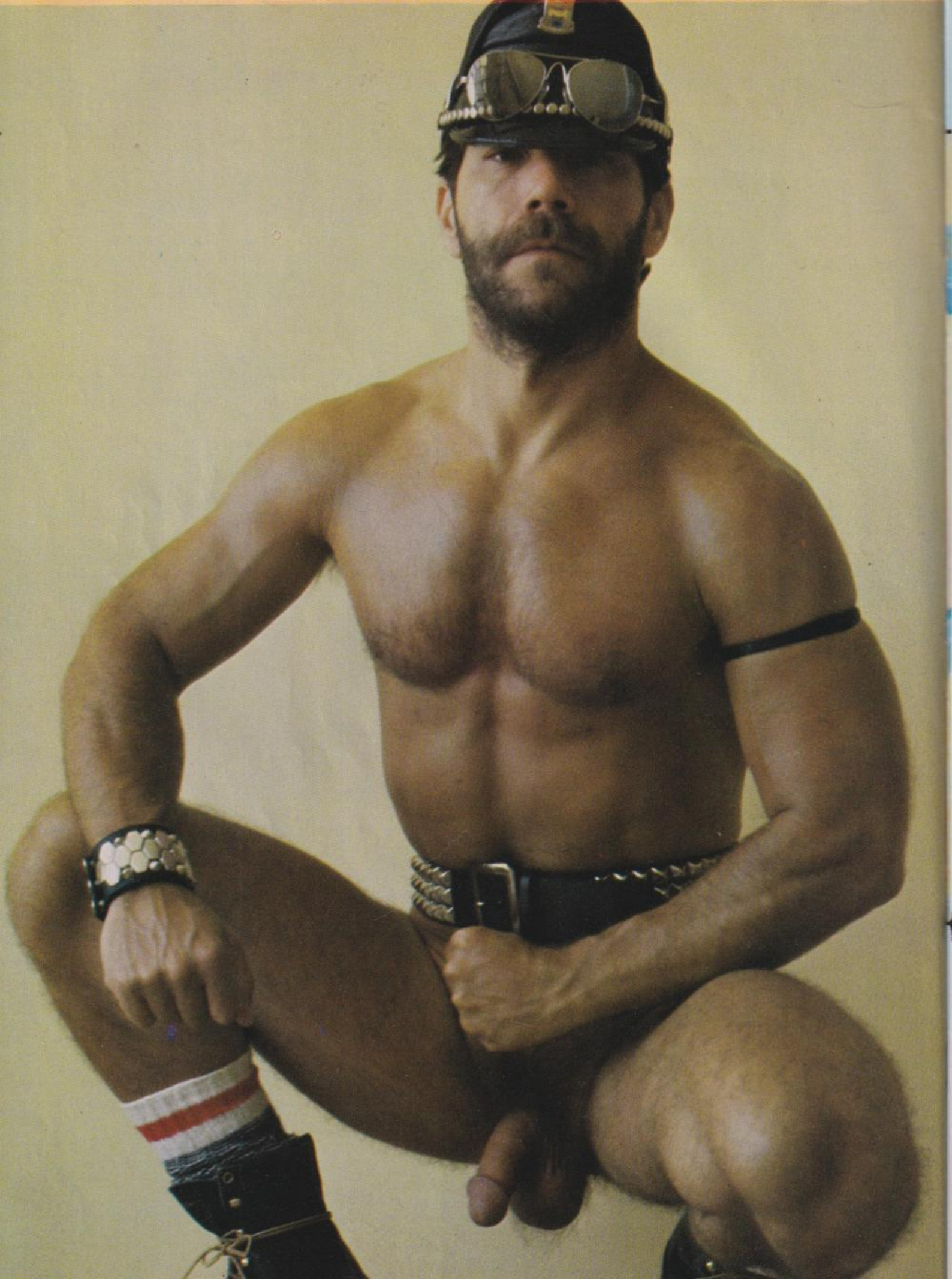
ANYTHING GOES

Mickey's all dressed up with nowhere to go. All he's waiting for is for you to show him who's boss. When you tell him to stand up against the wall and show his stuff, he obliges. He listens when he's spoken to. He's eager to please. He'll do just about anything if you treat him right. And if you don't, he'll walk away. You wouldn't want him to say, "Is that all there is?", would you? Of course not. So grab him, feel him up, make him know you want him.

Photography by Fred Bisonnes



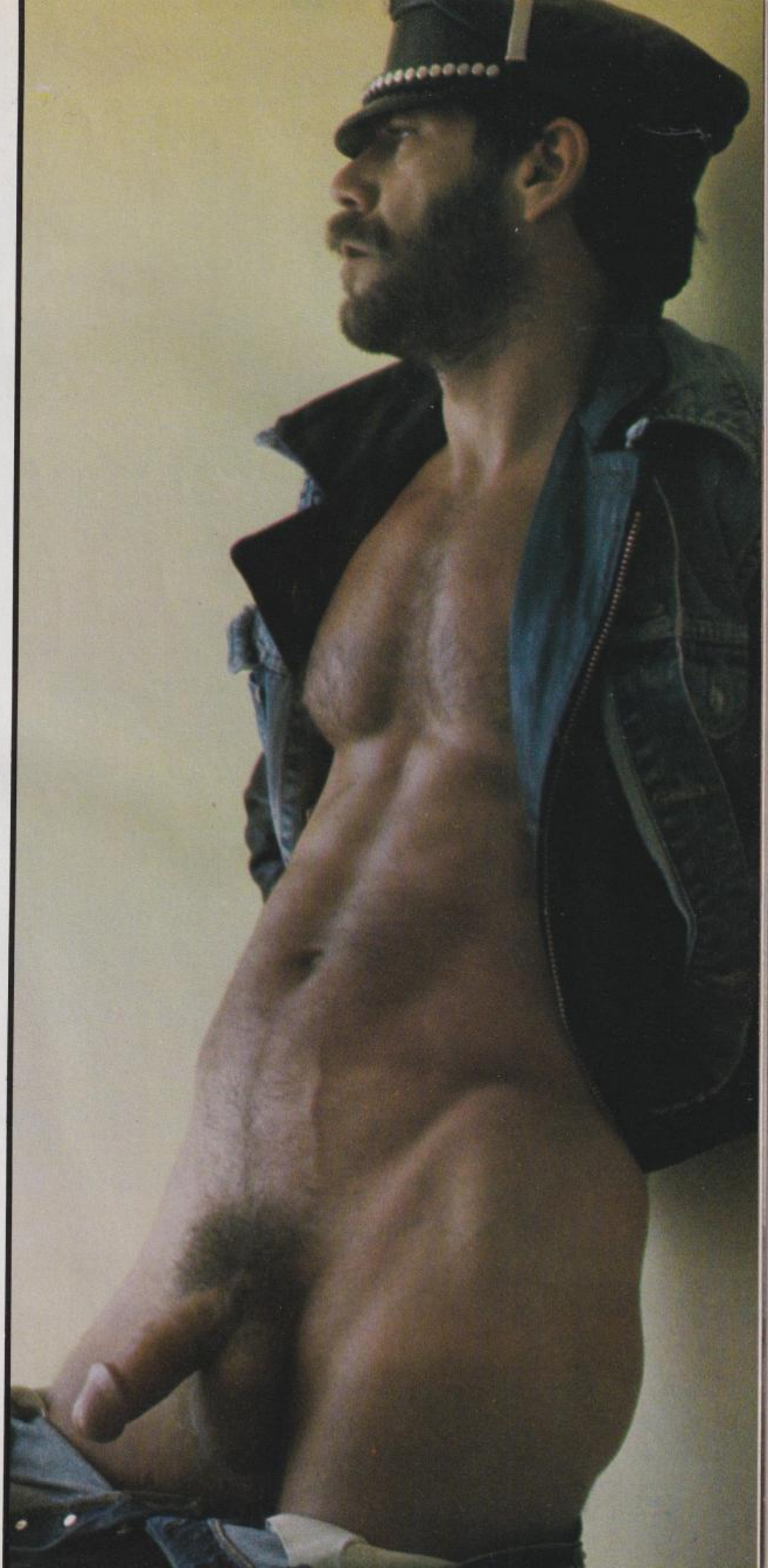


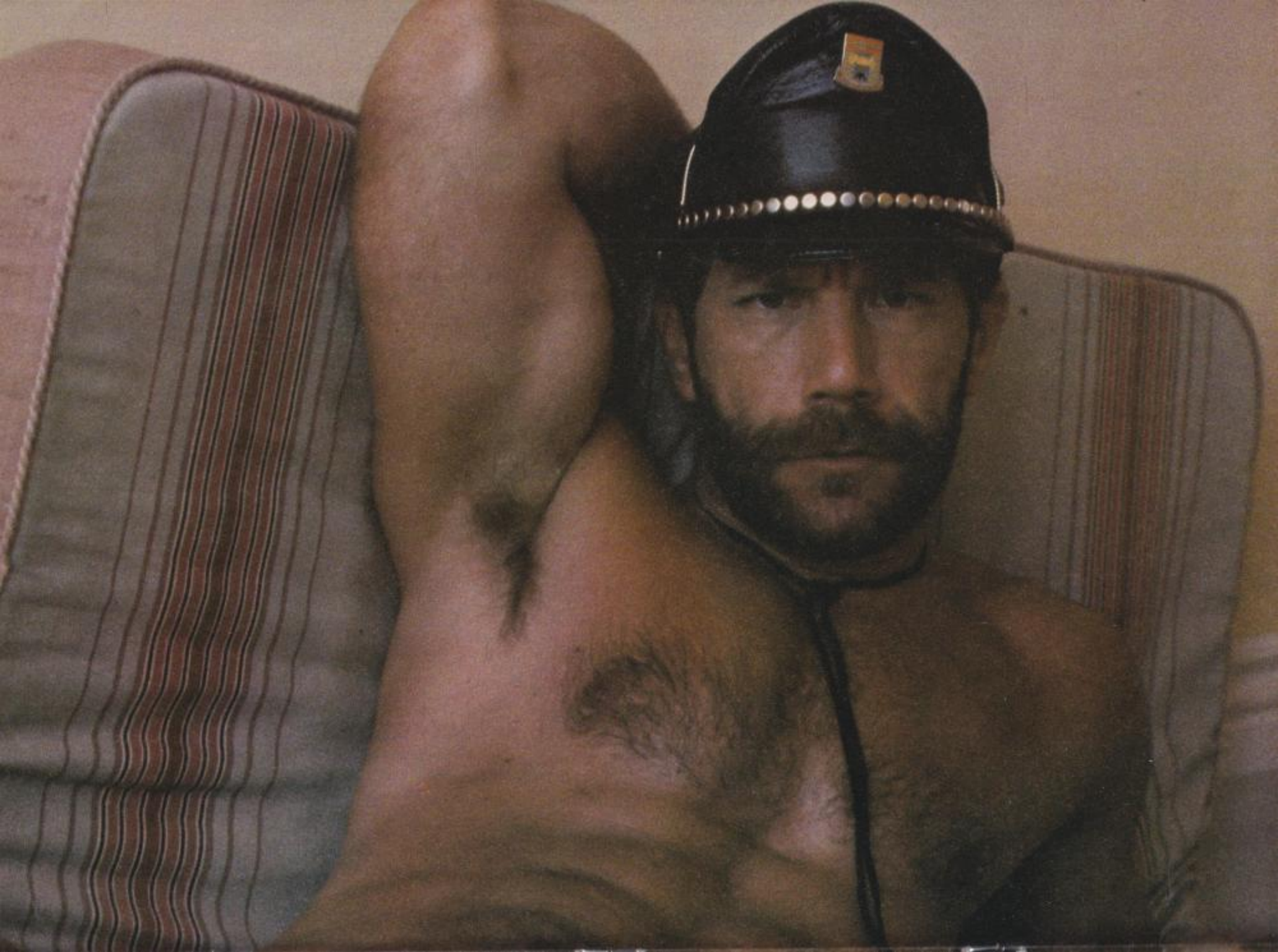


ANYTHING GOES

Leather boots, studded belt, reflector sunglasses, a motorcycle cap. Mickey knows how to dress for certain sexual occasions. His body is strong, virile and commanding; the hair on his chin—and elsewhere—is rough and sexy. Everything about him invites you to indulge your senses. When you turn the page, you'll discover that he's ready for whatever's on your mind. By the way, anything goes.

Photography by Fred Bisonnes





MANDATE
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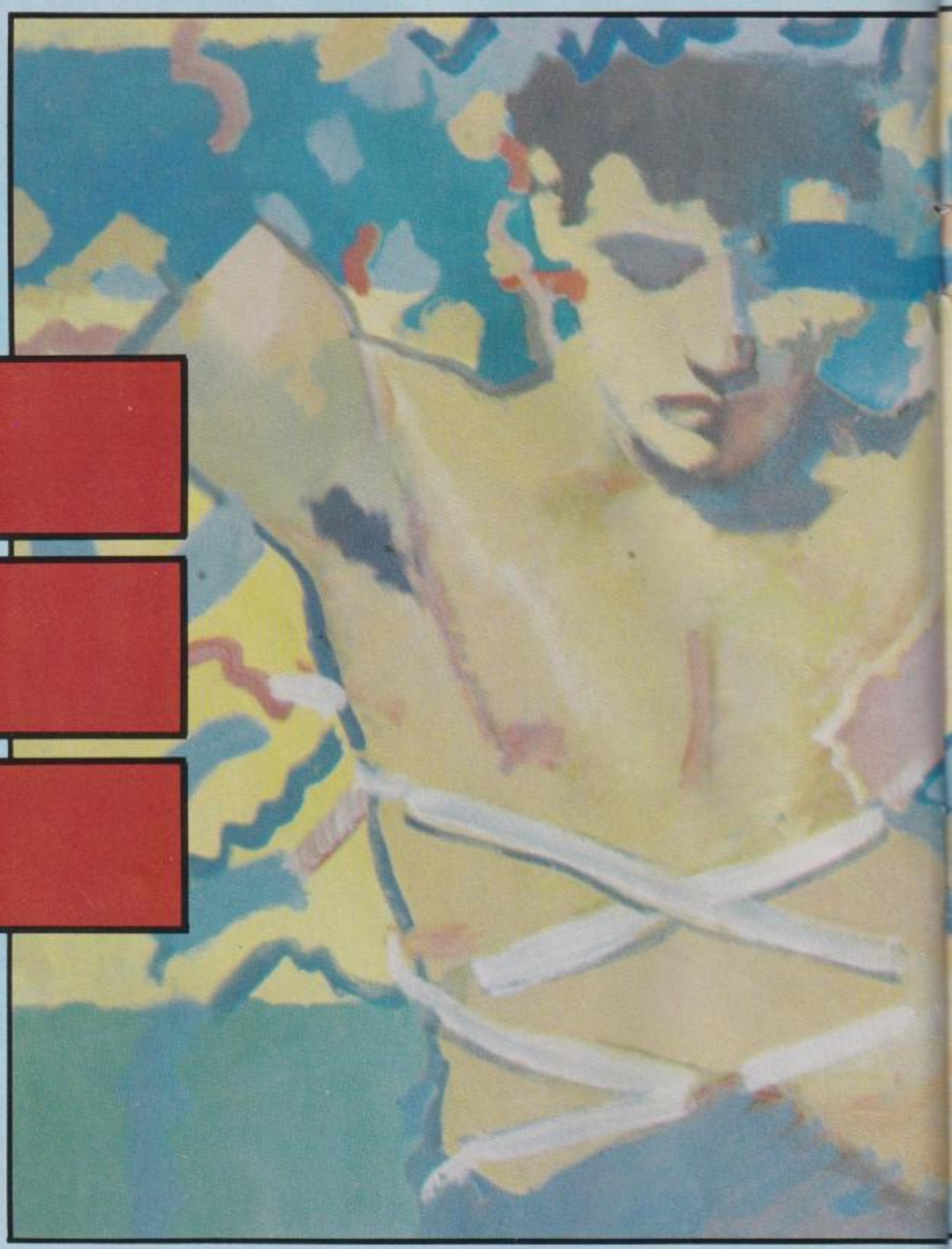


William Shakespeare's *The Merchant of Venice*, Wilt Chamberlain's autobiography, Mark Twain's *Huckleberry Finn* and J.D. Salinger's *Catcher in the Rye* are among the titles being challenged by book banners and self-appointed guardians of public morality these days.

The prime practitioner in the growing anti-book movement is the Rev. Jerry Falwell, whose Moral Majority oratory has moved disciples to collect, dump and burn works that offend them, sometimes in public displays of their wrath.

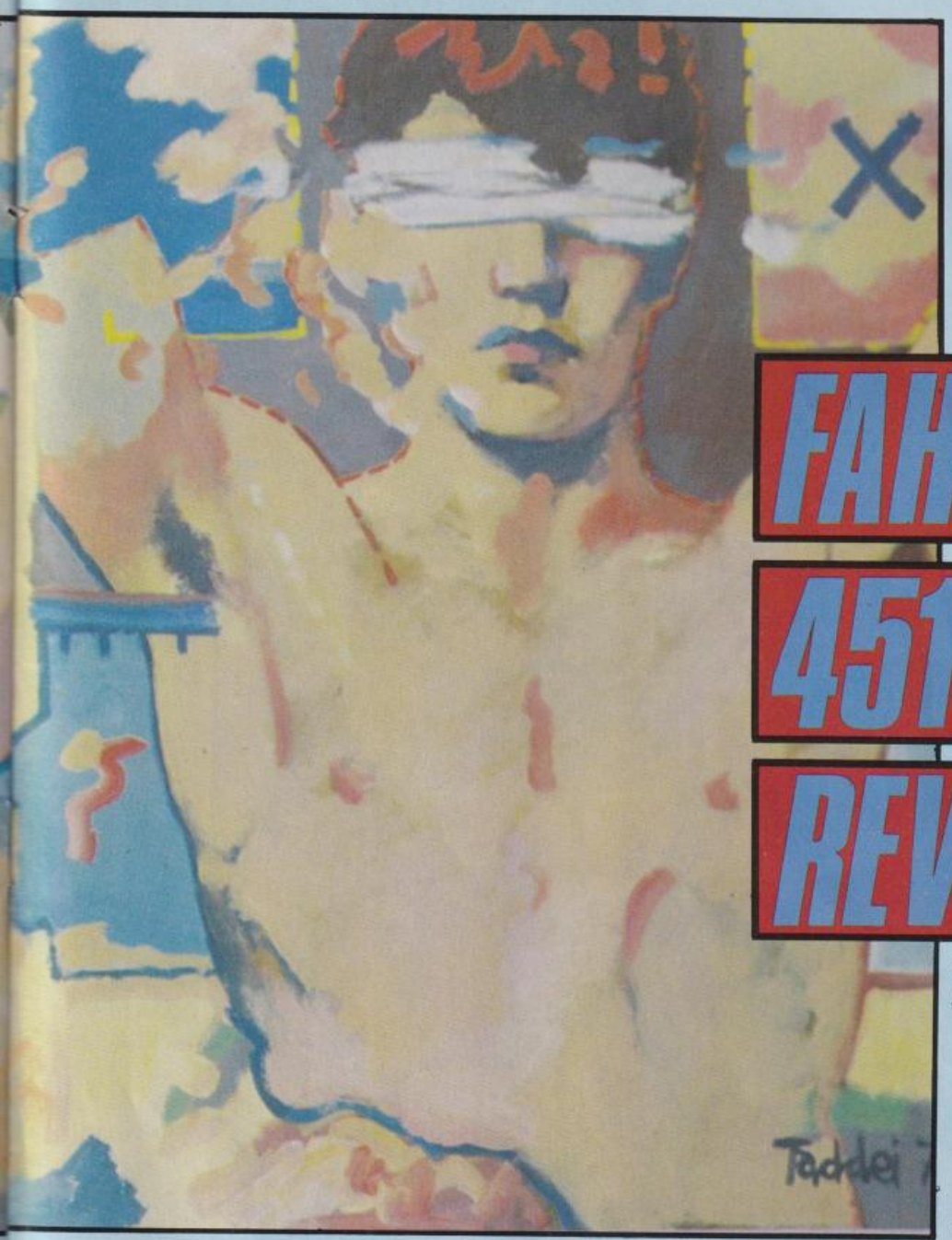
If the works of such mainstream authors are headed for the pyre, imagine what could happen to Gordon Merrick's *The Lord Won't Mind*, Patricia Nell Warren's *The Front Runner*, Gore Vidal's *The City and the Pillar* and James Baldwin's *Giovanni's Room*, to name just a few titles with homosexual themes.

While research fails to uncover any specific places where these or other books with gay protagonists and themes have been under heavy assault, it stands to reason that somewhere in the land, Falwell's forces are finding fault with "our literature."

After all, the minister of morality took on the *Penthouse* proponents of straight sex to suppress an interview freely given, and failing that, to prevent distribution of the issue in which it appeared. Fortunately, he failed.

But his Tampa, Fla., followers, succeeded in having removed from public library shelves such children's sex education books as *Where Do Babies Come From, How Babies Are Made, Sex & Love in Plain Language, The Beauty of Birth* and *The Wonderful Story of How You Were Born.*

Efforts like these to censor books



FAHRENHEIT 451 REVISITED

BY BILL HUNTER
ART BY RICHARD TADDEI

"Some apolitical gays may argue that the gay press has not been silenced. Gay writers have yet to be dragged screaming from their typewriters. That's like waiting until the stallion is gone to shut the gate."

in the nation's libraries and classrooms are growing—and becoming increasingly effective. According to a major study released in July 1981, censorship occurs in 20 percent of the nation's libraries and schools each year, and half of the challenges are successful.

In all, 1,891 librarians, school principals and superintendents in all 50 states and the District of Columbia particpated in the survey made by the Association of American Publishers and the Association for Supervision and Curriculum Development.

Those polled listed more than 200 books that were subjected to censorship pressures in the early days of this decade, including Laura Wilder's *Little House on the Prairie.*

Hermann Hesse also made the list, but probably few gay men would count him among their kindred ranks, despite his *Narcissus and Goldmund*, about the conflict between a contemplative man and an emotional man. They might feel more personally threatened if their favorite magazine of hot men and sexy fiction vanished from the newsstands.

Unlikely? Falwell, too, shall pass,

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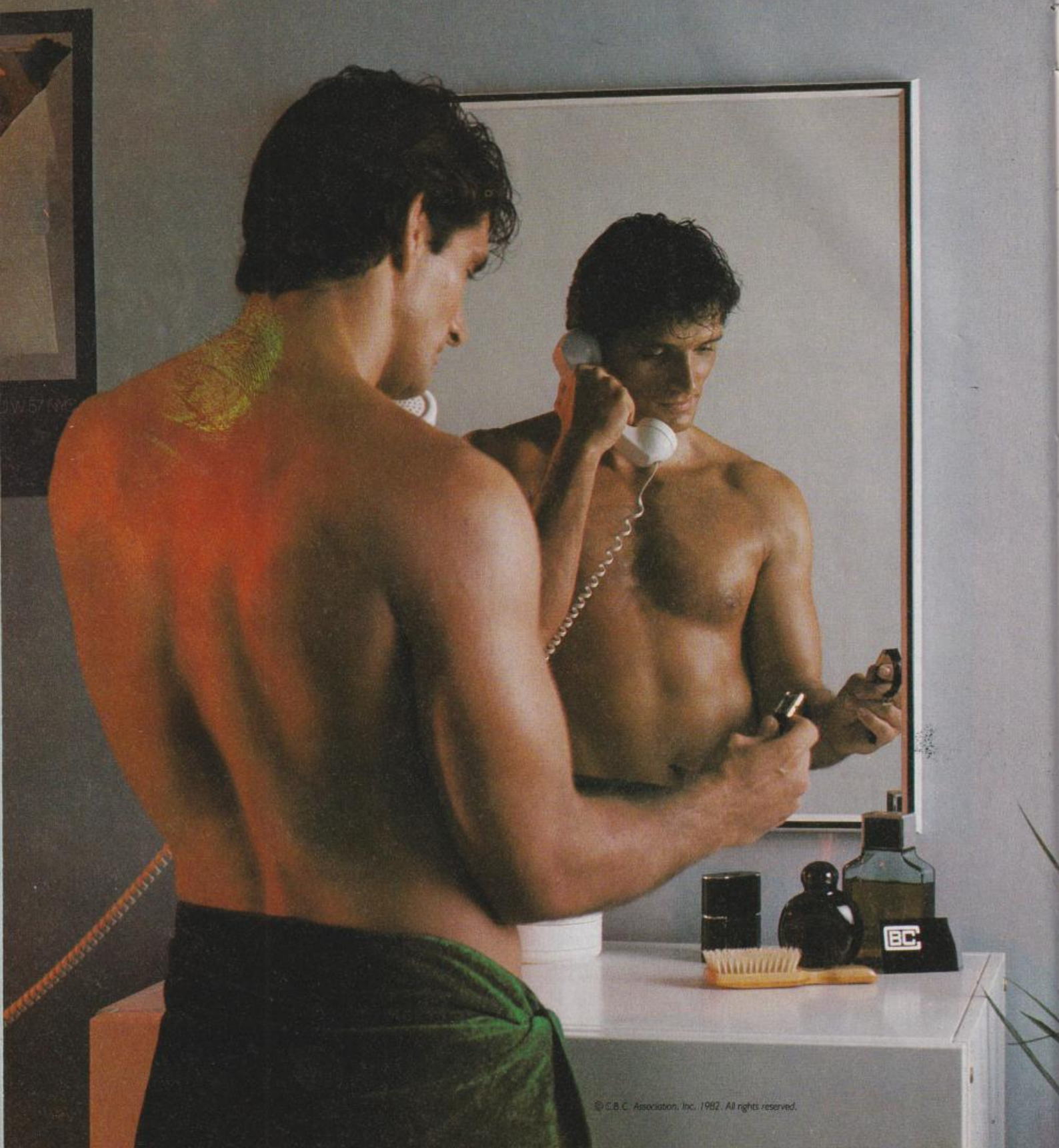

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most apathetic gays groan. The minister and his masses will go the way of Anita Bryant and her bunch. It's just a matter of waiting out the slightly crazy mood that the election of President Ronald Reagan has brought to the nation, they say. The new morality advocated by Falwell is nowhere near the danger levels portrayed in, say, Ray Bradbury's *Fahrenheit 451*, the sci-fi novel that takes its name from the temperature at which books burst into blazes and depicts a civilization where all printed reading matter is burned.

Granted, the calendar doesn't read 1930s, and America isn't Nazi Germany *yet*, but despite the land's constitutional guarantees of freedom of speech, and of the printed word, there seems to be a tendency throughout American history to silence certain sects *and* certain sex.

The decade of the 1950s is rife with examples.

It was in 1951 that the chief of police in Dubuque, Iowa, swooped down on newsstands, rounded up the town's 25-cent paperbacks, surveyed the collection of busty and flamboyant women on the covers and accused the distributor of peddling smut.

County Attorney John Duffy, a Notre Dame graduate who took his knowledge of literature seriously, looked at the evidence and found it included works by W. Somerset Maugham, MacKinlay Kantor, John Steinbeck and Emily Hahn and a collection of art that had in it nude masterpieces by the 16th century Italian painter Titian and the 17th century Spanish painter Velazquez.

Duffy dismissed the charge. But that brought on the gripes of wrath from local clubwomen. Certain that their children's morals were in danger, the women protested against *Stranger in Paris* (by Maugham) because the cover read: "He shared her evil secret." Similar protests were made against Steinbeck's *The Wayward Bus* and Hahn's *The Naked Foot*, the latter being declared offensive because the cover read: "He came to rule an African outpost, but he was ruled by her instead."

Duffy invited the attackers to state their case to the grand jury, then collected Boccaccio's *Decameron* and Fielding's *Tom Jones* and some of Rabelais' works so the panel could make a comparison.

An English professor from the State University of Iowa entered the controversy to explain the difference between a classic and a dirty book. He termed some of the confiscated books "cheap" and "badly written," but he concluded that they were more likely to corrupt the children's prose style than their morals.

Both sides began to agree that "quieter" book covers might have prevented the flap. Finally, a level-headed club leader concluded, "If the restriction is incompatible with freedom, then we agree that freedom is more important."

Her statement is the exception, not the rule, among those who have sought to ban or burn American books that do not conform to their own moral standards.

Playboy, in its early days, could not be sold on any newsstand that was on property owned by the Chicago Transit Authority. E.M. Guy, commercial sales manager of the CTA, said the reason for the "limitation"—he wouldn't call it "censorship"—was simply because the magazine was "you know what kind of literature." The CTA, he said, tried to maintain high standards of reading for its riders and checked periodicals regularly to make sure they weren't "offensive." He refused to define the word and would not disclose the names of individuals involved in the judgments "because we have an agreement with screening personnel not to publicize their regulations or their decisions."

The U.S. Post Office and the Bureau of Customs also had their own opinions of what Americans should and should not read in the 1950s. The novel *From Here to Eternity* could not be sent through the mails. A pocket edition of *Mademoiselle Fifi* by Guy de Maupassant was confiscated because of a line drawing depicting female nudity. *Adventures in Nakedness*, Julian Strange's study of European nudist camps, was banned. Henry Miller's *Tropic of Capricorn* and *Tropic of Cancer* and D.H. Lawrence's *Lady Chatterley's Lover* were seized by customs officials as if they were hard drugs. *Skin Divers Manual* was declared obscene because it contained pictures of topless water sportists. *Army Fun* was banned because it showed a woman in the bathtub holding up a baseball and warning two boys and a man, "That's the sixth time, wise guy—next time, get it yourself."

Self-appointed censors in the small, oil-rich town of Bartlesville,

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The Men With the Pink Triangle (Heinz Heger, $4.95) was named "One of the ten best books of the year" by *The Advocate* and "One of the six best" by *The Alternate*. This true, gripping story of homosexual prisoners in the Nazi concentration camps begins in Austria early in 1939. ❧ The author was a young medical student, in love with the son of a Nazi official. In March of that year the Gestapo abruptly arrested him for homosexuality; he spent the next six years in concentration camps. ❧ Like thousands of other incarcerated homosexuals, the author was forced to wear a pink triangle on his shirt so he could be readily identified. The Nazis subjected these homosexual prisoners to special abuses and tortures. ❧ Only now is this chapter of our history finally coming to light, and Heger's account is the most vivid description we have of what those horrible years were like.

In 1971, Dennis Altman wrote one of the most important books of the new gay liberation movement. *Homosexual: Oppression and Liberation* was praised by the gay and straight press alike. ❧ Now, a decade later, Altman has published a new book. **Coming Out in the Seventies** ($5.95) contains essays looking at the growth of the gay movement in the past decade. In particular, Altman looks at the proliferation of gay consumerism, and asks us: Is the gay movement being coopted by Madison Avenue? He also provides valuable insights about literature, focusing on the works of E.M. Forster, James Baldwin, Gore Vidal and William Burroughs.

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Okla., noticed copies of *New Republic, The Nation* and *Soviet Russia Today* on the shelves of their public library, and that set off a lengthy confrontation. A citizens committee reported that the magazines had long been "peddling the prattle" of communists, and because 59-year-old Ruth Brown, the town librarian for 31 years, had been the one to take out the library's subscriptions to the periodicals, they changed a local ordinance so they could fire her. Misconduct and neglect of duty previously had been the only grounds for dismissal of a librarian. Brown appealed all the way to the Oklahoma Supreme Court, where she lost her case in 1952.

Juvenile delinquency was rising in Galion, Ohio, about the same time. All junior high school and high school fiction was removed from libraries by the board of education and subjected to a reviewing committee to see which books were leading the wave of hubcap thefts.

And Myrtle Glasscock Hance, a self-appointed reviewing committee, was making a list and checking it twice to find out what was naughty and nice in the San Antonio, Texas, library. She found 500 books by 118 authors that she thought had "subversive" tones, among them the works of physicist Albert Einstein, architect Frank Lloyd Wright and composer Aaron Copland. She also condemned certain editions of *Canterbury Tales* and *Moby Dick* because they were illustrated by Rockwell Kent, a New York artist who had praised Khrushchev's taste in art.

In the same city in the same year, Mayor A.C. White suggested books in the library by "known subversives" (read "communists") be identified with a red rubber stamp. And about six states away to the northeast, Kathryn Mitchell was crusading to balance the works of "known subversives" in the Mount Lebanon, Penn., library with the works of such "patriots" as John Flynn and Sen. Joe McCarthy. Her campaign ended when she discovered most of the books she wanted in the library were already there.

Censorship attempts persisted even through the so-called "liberated" 1960s.

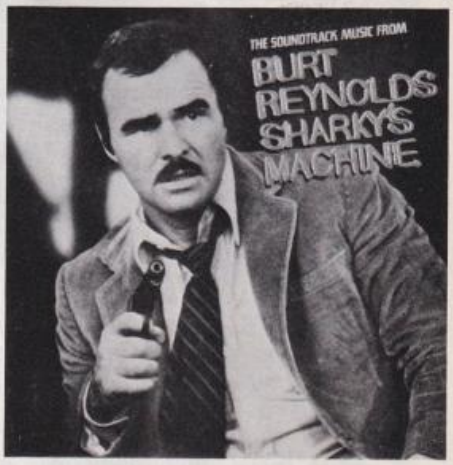
Moralists in Midland, Texas, attacked and pressured off the city library shelves a number of books by listing the obscene words in them.

Continued to page 76

DISC SCENE

BY FREEMAN GUNTER

In today's music world with media hype shoving everything down our throats, an undiscovered treasure is rarer than rare. That is exactly what we have here in the soundtrack album from Burt Reynolds' new cops-and-robbers movie, *Sharkey's Machine* (Warner Bros. BSK 3653). Since the only name on the jacket is Burt's, who would have thought that the record inside contains brand new tracks by several dozen of the very greatest names in pop and jazz. But it does. Current hit makers like Flora Purim, Randy Crawford, Eddie Harris and The Manhattan Transfer have joined great classic jazz singers like Sarah Vaughan, Joe Williams, Peggy Lee and Julie London and almost every major instrumentalist that comes to mind including sometime singer/sometime trumpet player Chet Baker, Doc Severnsen, Shelly Manne, Ray Brown, Barney Kessell, Pete Candoli and on and on and on. This group met in the studio to record a few standards and quite a number of superb original songs all of which had been programmed and sequenced to make a sexy, beguiling album of stimulating instrumentals and vocals. Special standouts in this uniformly excellent presentation include a luminous Peggy Lee singing "Let's Keep Dancing," her best record in five or six years, Chet Baker singing the most exquisitely phrased "My Funny Valentine" in memory, Joe Williams and Sarah Vaughan in top form singing original solo songs and entwining their glorious voices most sensuously in a first-time-ever duet, "Before You," that gets our vote for the hottest love duet of the year. Why does Warner Bros. want to keep this marvelous album a secret? How about a sequel, guys? And an entire album of Williams/Vaughan duets with this same, once-in-a-lifetime band!



Ermanno Wolf-Ferrari's one act opera, *Il Segreto di Susana* is the only one of his works which survives today. First performed in 1909, this little comic opera is a tuneful gem in a verismo style with nods to Donizetti, Debussy and Wagner. It is about a respectable Victorian wife whose husband is insanely jealous because he believes she is having an affair. All ends happily when he discovers her true secret: she is locking herself up in her room so she can smoke, a habit unheard of in "nice" women of that era. Renata Scotto and baritone Renato Bruson are the entire cast with the Philharmonic Orchestra under the bright direction of John Prichard. Although Scotto's vocal options continue to decline, this role suits her distressed voice well and the performance is one of considerable charm. Columbia's digital recording (CBS 36733) is a model of balance and clarity. Scotto turns up again in Angel's new recording of Puccini's *Tosca* (DSBX-3919) partnered by Placido Domingo and Signor Bruson under James Levine. This time the results are not so favorable. Although she is in rotten voice with virtually no conception of the character or the drama (most unusual for this artist), she is not entirely to blame for what must be the worst recording of a complete opera that I have ever heard. Never before has a recording been so sabotaged by its engineering. The balances are so arbitrary that it is impossible to hear what is going on. She sounds close up, Domingo seems to be down the hall and the orchestra is fragmented beyond recognition. Voicings come and go as if monkeys had been allowed into the control room to play with the knobs at will. This mess should never have been released.

Luciano Pavarotti has become ubiquitous, thanks to the media, and it has doubtless become difficult for him to live up to his own mighty reputation. It can't be easy to face an audience that is wondering, "Can he really be *that* good?" At his best, he is. London has issued a four-disk set to demonstrate just how good that can be. *The Best of Pavarotti* (PAV 2009) contains just about every major tenor aria there is. Included are selections by every major operatic composer and in cases where Pavarotti has recorded certain selections more than once, the earlier, fresher versions have usually been chosen. This set is actually a reference library and lends itself to comparisons both with other tenors and with Pavarotti, himself. It doesn't take many of the selections to demonstrate that Pavarotti's voice is intrinsically one of the prettiest and most ingratiating tenor timbres in history. Other voices may have had more heft and size and perhaps there have been more refined stylists but Pavarotti doesn't have to take a back seat to anyone for over-all vocal glamor and sincerity of musical expression. As an introduction to the art of the tenor voice, this set is a considerable bargain at London's slightly lower price. The American-made pressings are far from flawless, however, when compared with London's usual imported discs.

Serati Musicali is another gargantuan potpourri from London. This three-disc set (D 125D3) consists of intimate parlor songs by virtually all of the famous operatic composers sung by Dame Joan Sutherland with Richard Bonynge at the piano. Many of these selections are not really very finished performances, to say the least; they have a feeling of having been tossed

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off quite casually at home that is very much in the spirit of the pieces. While several are numbers which the Sutherland-Bonynges have featured in recitals, many others sound as if they are being read through at first sight. Neither singer nor pianist is famous for compelling musicianship and things are allowed to get pretty casual here, even for them. Nevertheless, Dame Joan is in fine voice and there is plenty of charm to be found in listening to one of the great voices of our (or any) age meandering casually through these lovely melodies. The real drawback here is the extremely poor recorded sound. This comes as something of a shock because of London's long acknowledged technical superiority and it leads me to believe that these recordings were actually done in the Sutherland-Bonynge living room. Truly, the sound is so muffled and the piano sound so thin and unconvincing that the disks should be issued with a disclaimer of some kind, at a reduced price and not on London's FFrr label. As the afternoon off of genius (the composers, the artists and the recording engineers), this set has its appeal and many pleasures to offer.

A French Song Recital by soprano Regine Crespin and pianist Phillipe Entremont (CBS 36666) consists of Maurice Ravel's *Histoires Naturelles* and Eric Satie's *Eight Melodies*. It is a complete and unalloyed delight. There is nothing approximate about the musicianship here in this magnificently prepared program. Masdame Crespin's voice is gloriously ripe, her Gallic wit and style fully intact as she interprets these clever, amusing and oh-so-sensual songs. In Entremont she is supported and partnered by, not just an accompanist, but one of the world's great pianists and their stylish recital is not to be missed.

Simiarly definitive is Schoenberg's *Erwartung* (a 30-minute opera for soprano and orchestra) backed with *Six Songs*, op. 8 (London LDR 71015) sung by Anja Silja with the Vienna Philharmonic conducted by Christoph Von Dohnanyi. Although Schoenberg is the innovator of twelve tone music, the music on this disk is surprisingly accessible. The songs are varied and melodic in a manner reminisicent of Richard Strauss. The *Erwartung* is an inner dialogue of a woman who while walking in the woods, discovers the body of her lover whom she may or may not have killed. Grim as this sounds, the music is richly rewarding and moving in the extreme. Von Dohnanyi is the most exciting and convincing conductor of this kind of music and the Vienna Philharmonic responds to his every nuance. His wife, soprano Anja Silja, often called "the German Callas," is a great dramatic soprano with a searing, white-hot voice and a telling command of this demanding music. She is in superior voice on this occasion and, together, they have created a performance to make your hair stand on end. London's engineers have lavished their best digital sound on this project and the resulting record is state of the art music making.

S&M— A FINE LINE

Continued from page 33

you get into any heavy games. Also, it is important to talk just in order to get to know one another a little bit. I always like to have the feeling that I have another person with me. As a top I can give my bottom the illusion that he is just a piece of meat for me to work on. But, I never want to really feel that way deep in my own gut while I'm working on him. It is no fun for me to subdue or dominate a bottom who already truly believes he is worthless. I want a man under me, not a simpering piece of flesh with no pride or dignity at all. I want a man who believes, as I do, that he only has one body and it needs to last him all of his life. I want to know that he has entrusted me with his most prized possession of all, just as I have done so with him. He has given it to me willingly because he is confident that we will both have a good time together and that I will return it to him intact.

The male body is one of the most beautiful creations on the face of the earth. Just the thought of defacing it or harming it in any way turns my stomach. To me it would be like taking a can of whitewash and streaking the Sistine Chapel with its contents. Any good top will know the dangers and pitfalls of anything he does to or with his bottom. That is his job. And, any good top should have his own head screwed on very tightly. He should have come to know from practice and experience just how far to go and what precautions he must take to insure the safety of his bottom.

Again this boils down to respect and self-esteem. If a man respects himself as a man and has good feelings about himself, he will be able to transfer those attitudes to others. I will never be a bottom to a man who gives me the impression that he does not respect himself and me. I also make very sure before things get too hot and heavy that all my bottoms know just how to stop. It is important for both parties to know that there are limits and that there is a way for the bottom to call a halt if it becomes necessary. Since begging and pleading turn me on and I have found that "stop, stop" usually means "go, go," I have my bottoms say my given Christian name if they should ever want to stop the action.

The very fact that I give a man a way out usually gives him enough confidence in me that he will let me decide when to stop. I have also accepted the fact that when I am asked to stop by use of the given signal that it means just that. I stop. No good top will try to prolong anything after his bottom has asked for a breather. It might be added here that a pause doesn't mean that things are over. On the contrary, all it usually means, at least in my own experience, is that we need a break before we go back to what we were doing or on to something else.

Although it is recognized, or should be, that in reality the bottom is *always* in control, the illusion must be maintained for the success of the whole adventure that it is the top who commands the situation. There are bottoms who try to behave like traffic cops. They direct from the bottom with a do this or pull that, etc. These are not for me. They have not stopped to think at all of the respect due their tops. If the definition of roles cannot be worked out in the minds of the people involved, it might be better if they had a different kind of sexual encounter.

Probably the most important rule of thumb for safety in an S&M session is the fact that the bottom should never, and I repeat, never be a bottom in his own home. If you think back to all of the cases involving injury and death connected to this particular encounter, all of the victims have been found in their own homes. It may seem very clinical and cold, but it is a very realistic fact of life that any nut is not going to take you to his own place to do you in. If he can get you to your home, he can do almost anything and merely close

Continued to page 69

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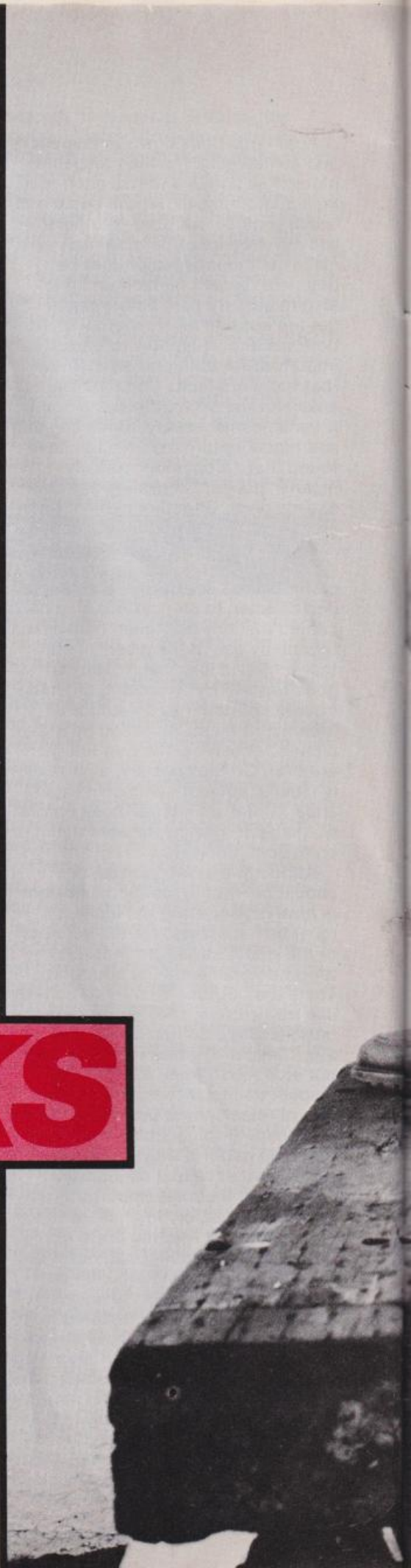
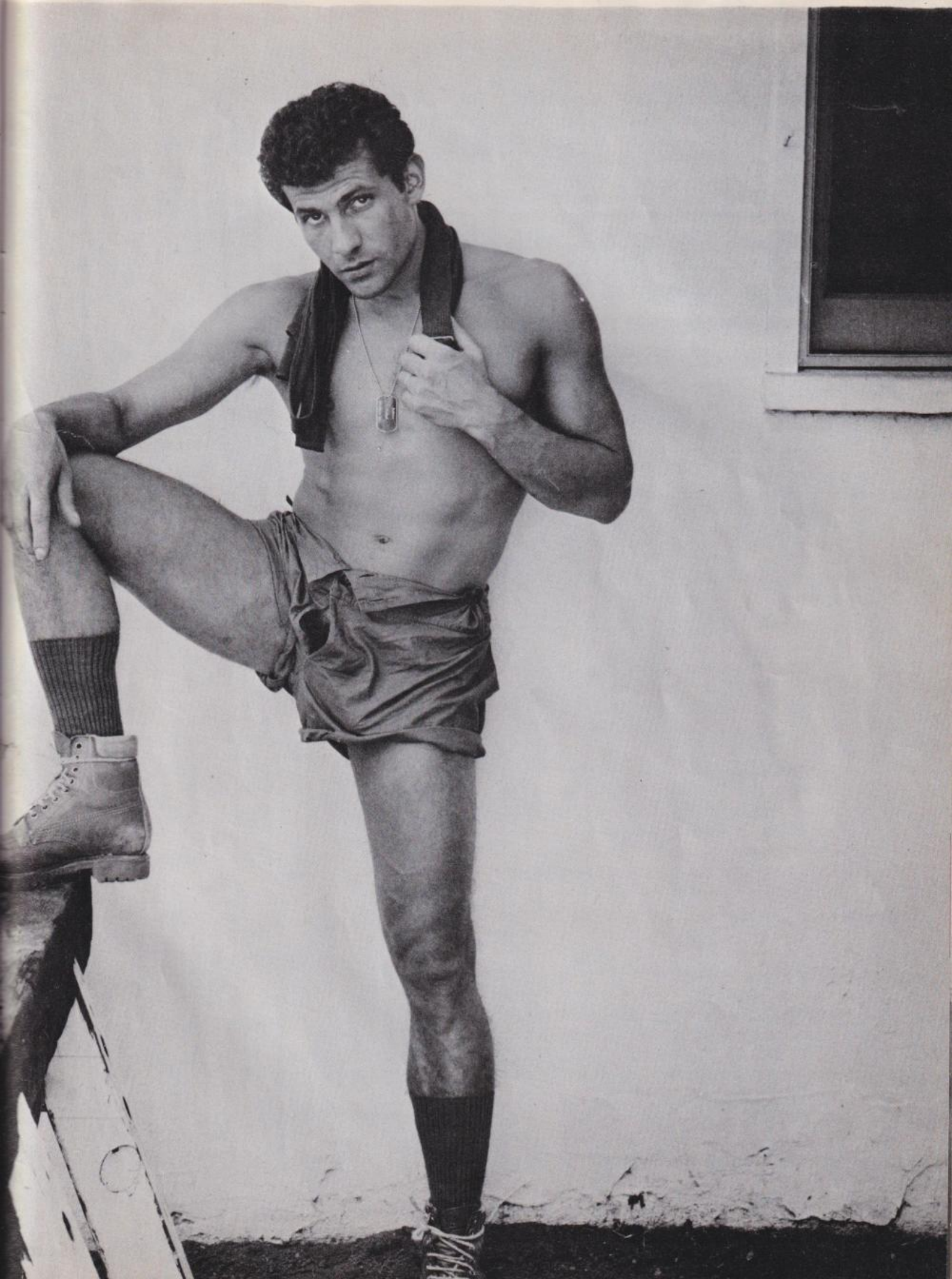
FT. DICKS

In uniform or almost all the way out of it, there's no denying that Nova's model, Giorgio Canili, is one humpy dude. Those dark eyes and the almost black, curly hair only slightly soften the marble-like hardness of the well defined body. It's obvious to even the most casual observer that this man needs no training in the basics.

Photography by Nova

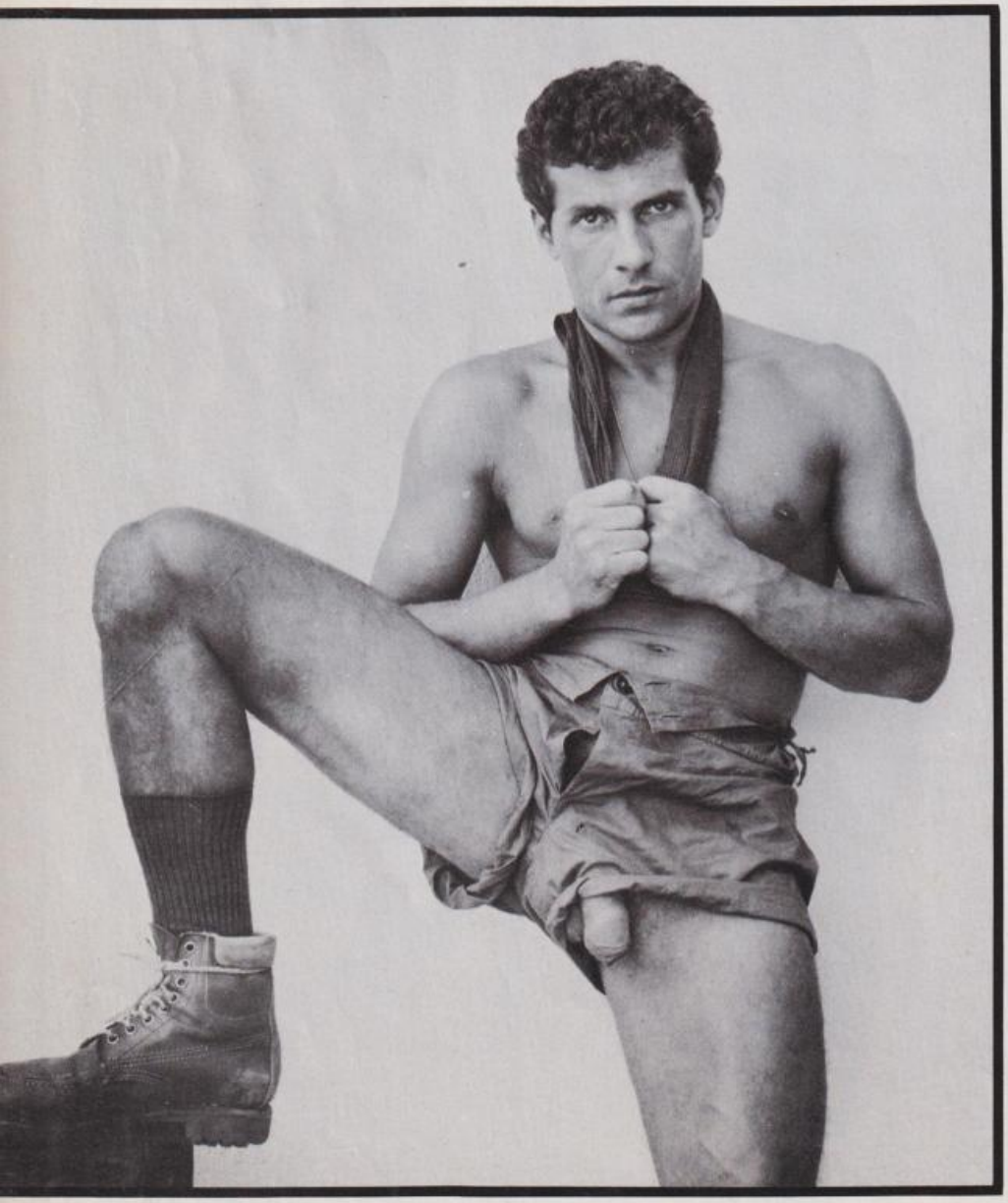




FT. DICKS

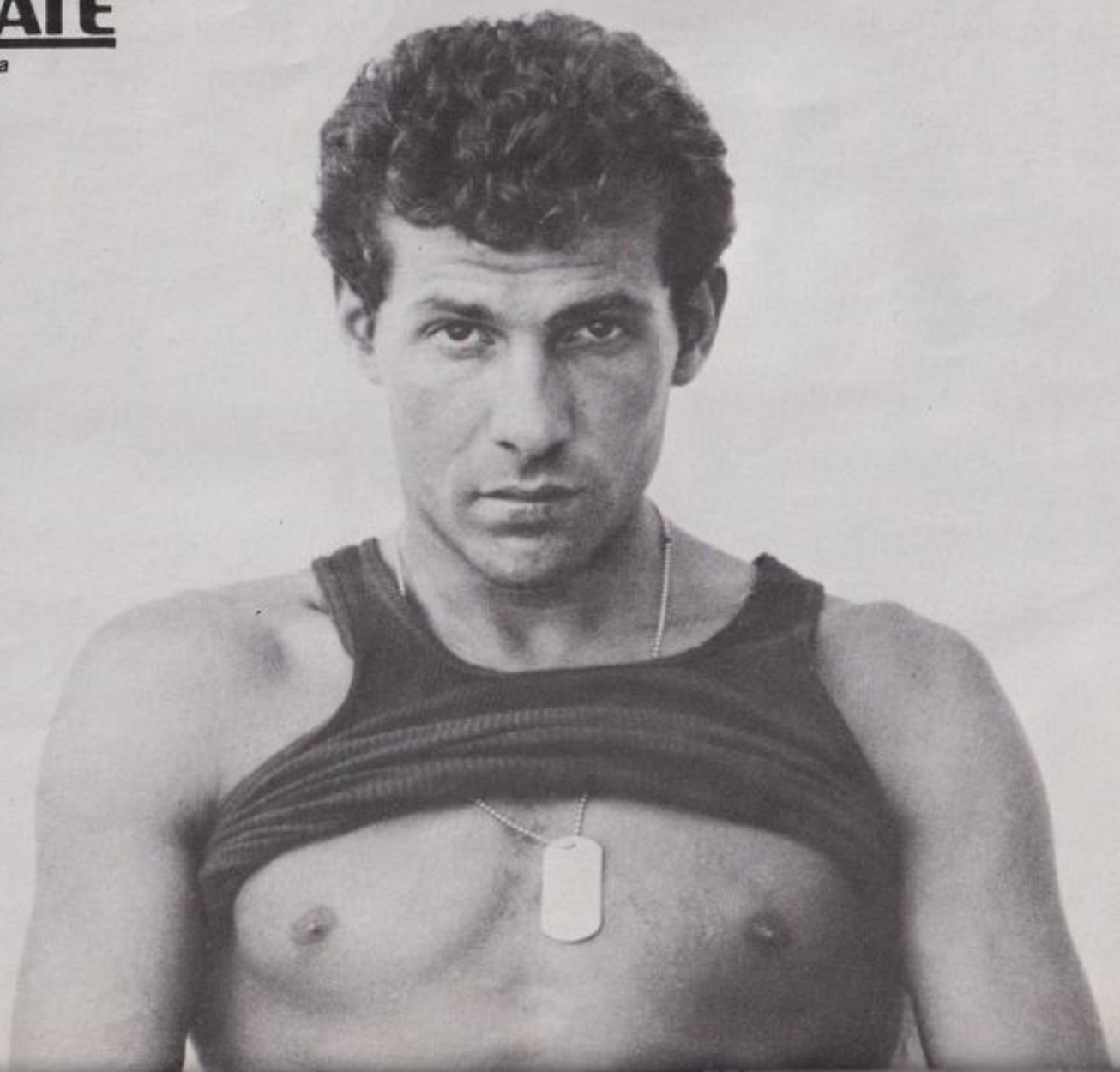
As if to say that he's ready for any maneuvers that you are, his sheathed manhood stands at ease waiting your command. Your mental fantasies must surely have reached our relaxing soldier. His maleness begins to grow, poking its head out eagerly on its rise to full attention. If you're not hot and bothered now, turn the page and take a look at our recruit in the raw.

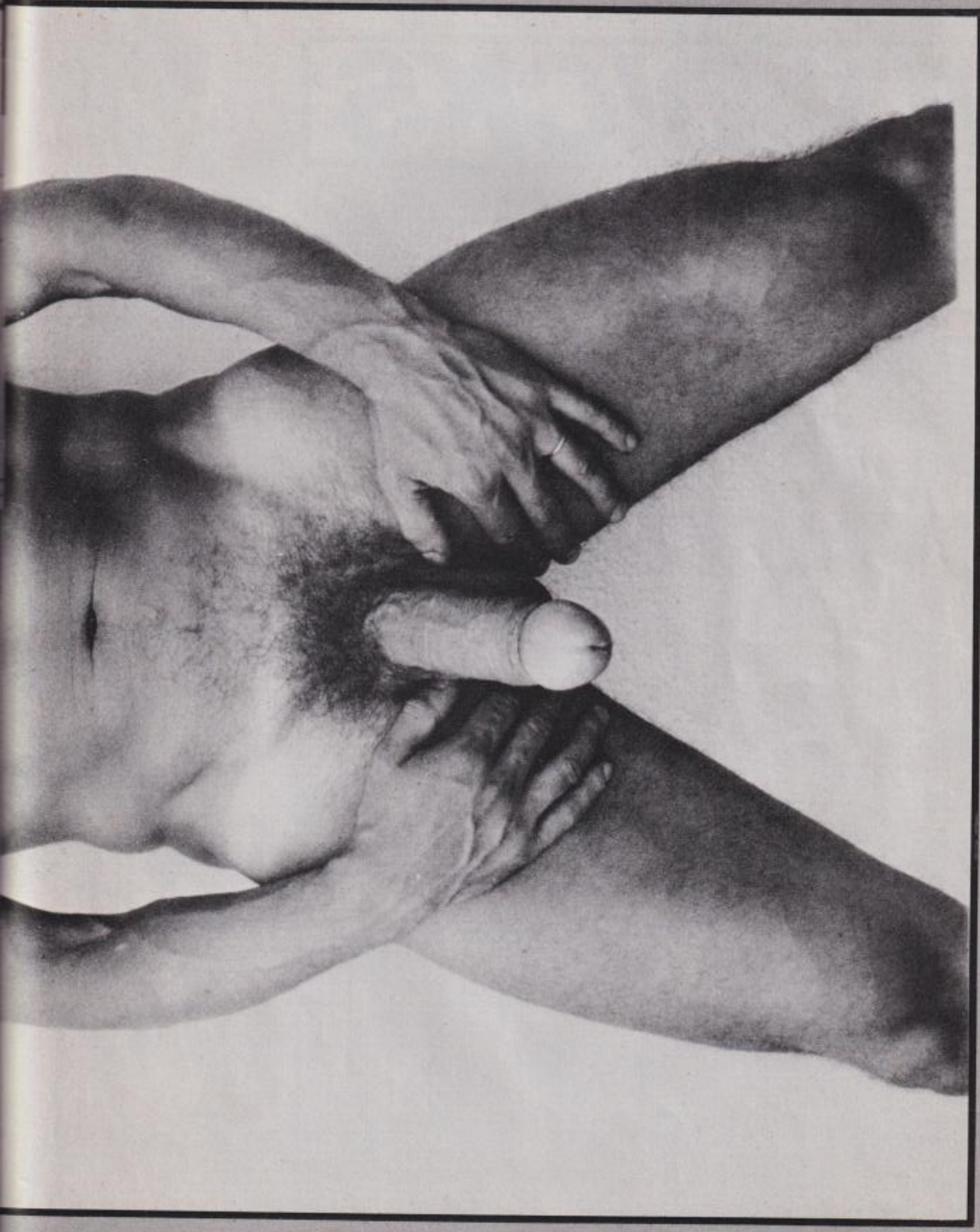
Photography by Nova



MANDATE

Photography by Nova

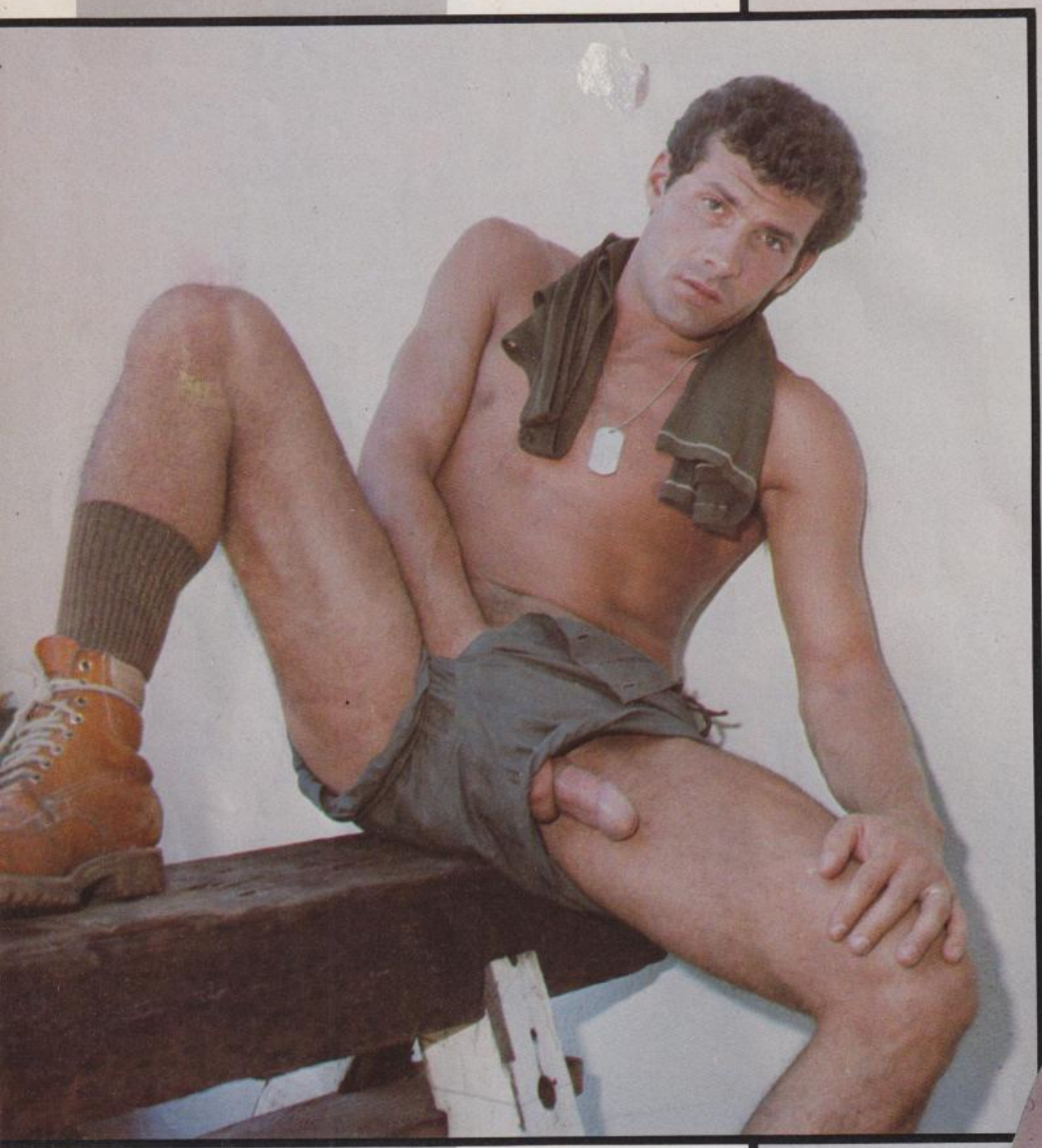




FT. DICKS

Can't you almost hear the thumping of Giorgio's heart as it sends that hot Italian blood surging through those bulging veins? It seems to be pumping everything to greater dimensions. How'd you like to do some heavy active duty with this G.I.? Whether G.I. is for government issue or Groovy Italian, the enlistment line forms at the center of those muscled thighs.

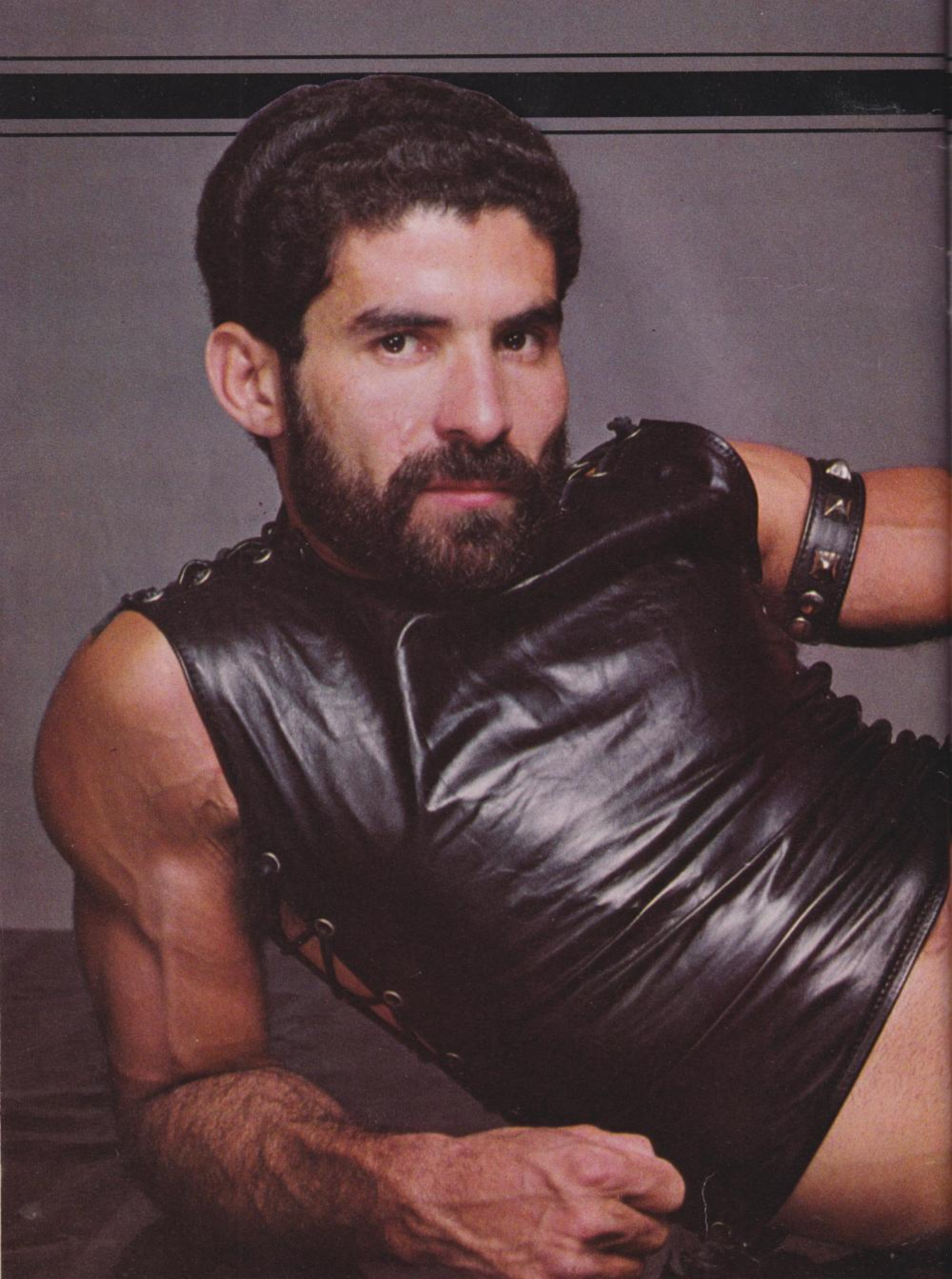
Photgraphy by Nova



FT. DICKS

With his hand on the trigger, this gunner is ready for a little target practice. The big gun's in position and aimed in your direction. It looks more like a cannon to us, but we'll be willing to bet that not one of you is ready to get out of the line of fire. It's easy to be brave when those big soulful eyes reassure you. It won't hurt a bit! Ready for full inspection? ATTENTION!

Photography by Nova



LETTERS

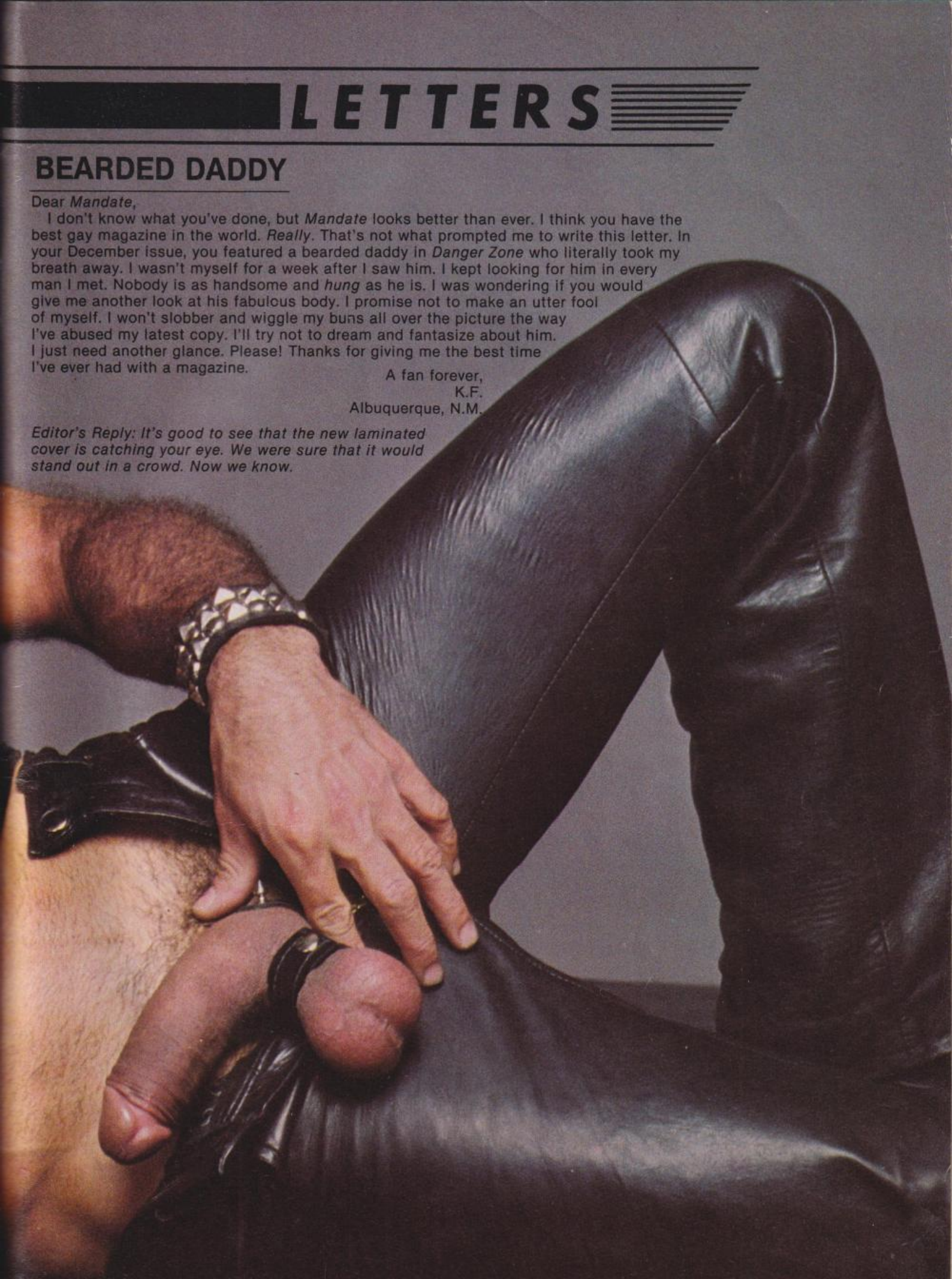
BEARDED DADDY

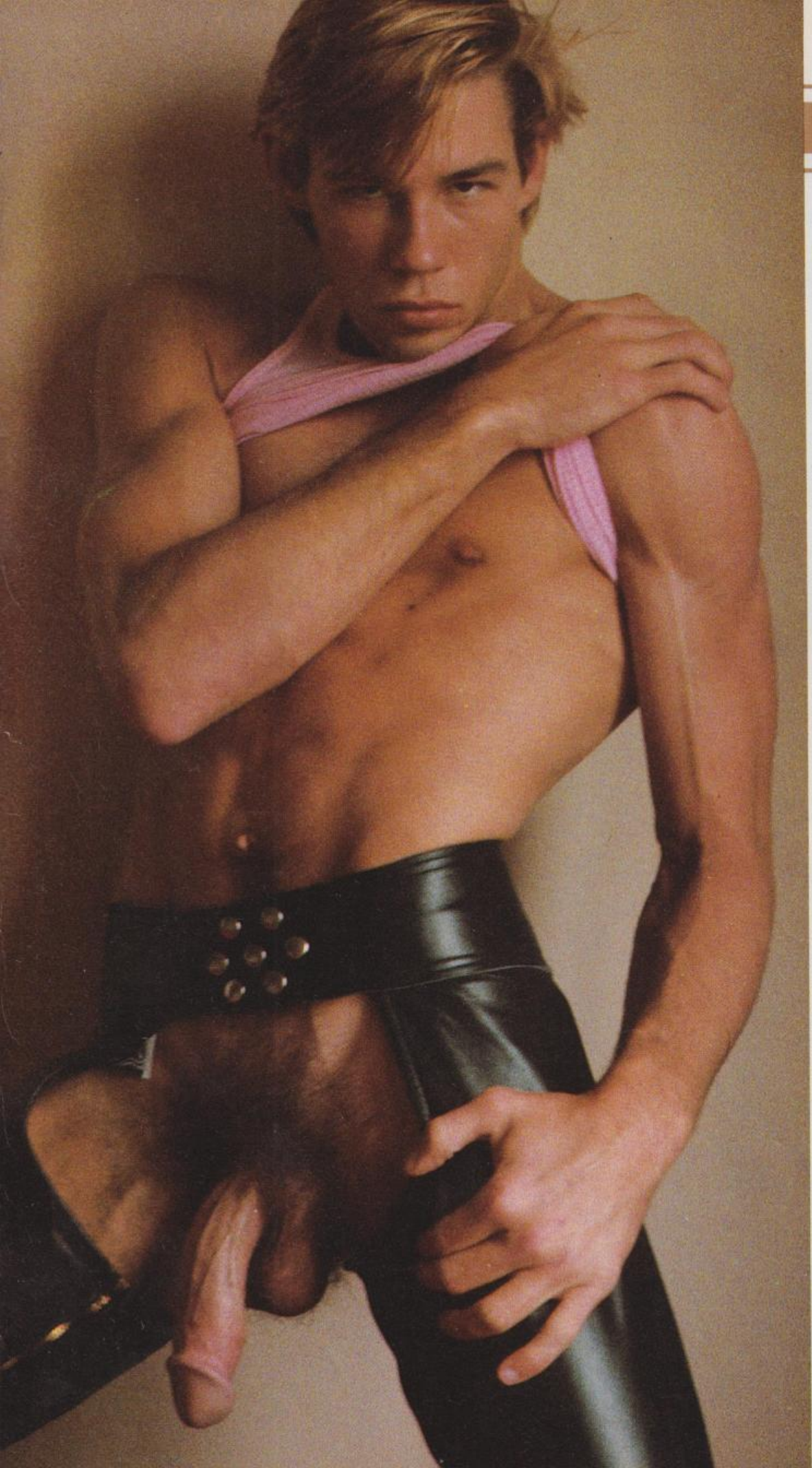
Dear *Mandate*,

I don't know what you've done, but *Mandate* looks better than ever. I think you have the best gay magazine in the world. *Really*. That's not what prompted me to write this letter. In your December issue, you featured a bearded daddy in *Danger Zone* who literally took my breath away. I wasn't myself for a week after I saw him. I kept looking for him in every man I met. Nobody is as handsome and *hung* as he is. I was wondering if you would give me another look at his fabulous body. I promise not to make an utter fool of myself. I won't slobber and wiggle my buns all over the picture the way I've abused my latest copy. I'll try not to dream and fantasize about him. I just need another glance. Please! Thanks for giving me the best time I've ever had with a magazine.

A fan forever,
K.F.
Albuquerque, N.M.

Editor's Reply: It's good to see that the new laminated cover is catching your eye. We were sure that it would stand out in a crowd. Now we know.





LETTERS

KRAMER VS. ME

Dear Editor:

Oh, please! Kramer vs. me anytime. In your December issue, you featured Tim Kramer, one of your most gorgeous men that I've ever seen. His wonderfully Scandinavian features, those long legs and that incredibly firm body were enough to make this grown man want to lock him in my bedroom forever. More of him, please.

By the way, I want to commend you guys for putting out the glossiest masgazine on the newsstand today. I've been a great fan of yours for some time.

Could I see more of Tim Kramer?

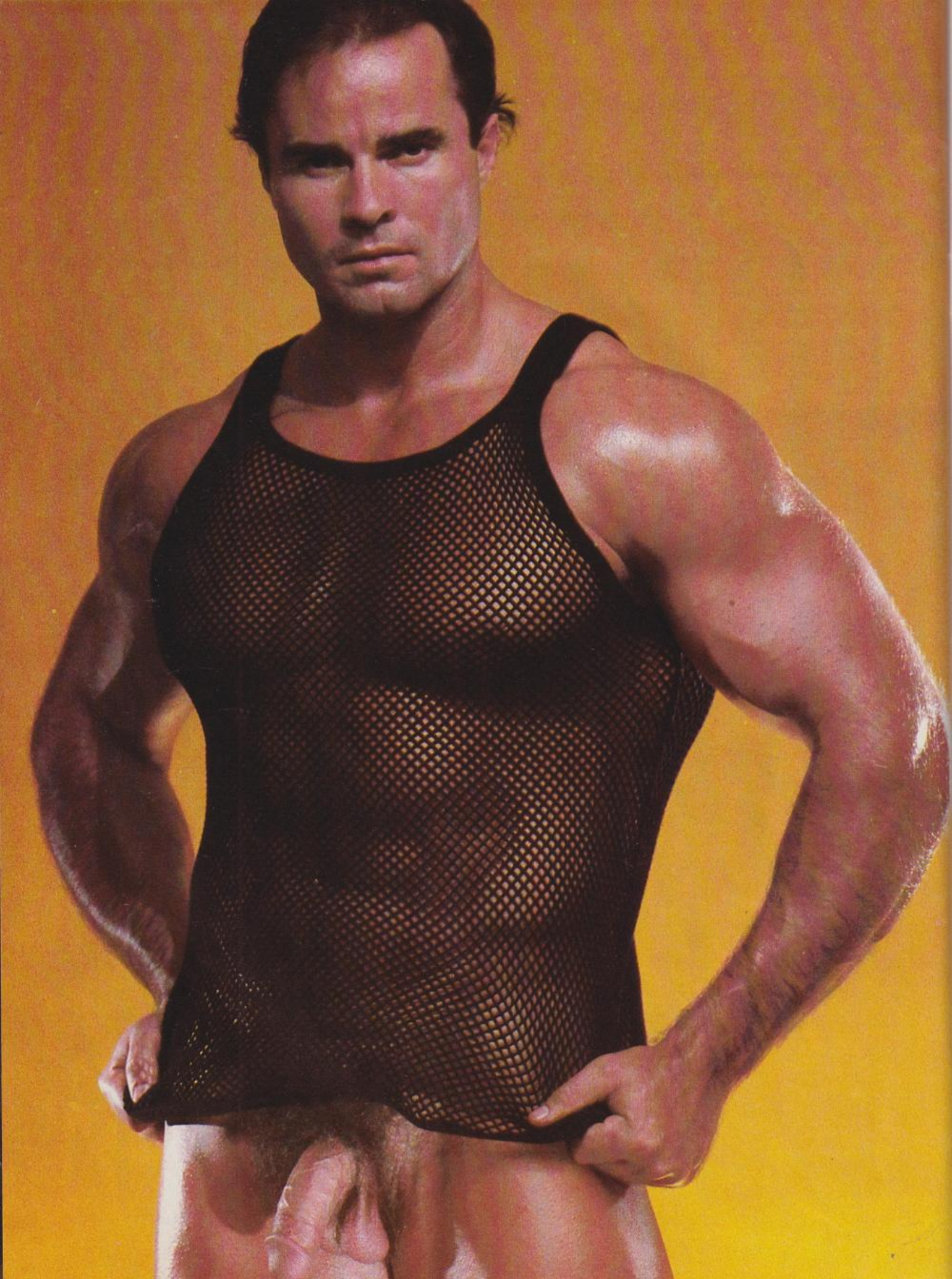
L.S.
Austin, Texas

Editor's Note: Sure! We've got another picture that's waiting for some special attention, left. Photographer Fred Bisonnes will be happy that you liked his work.

PETER, PETER

Dear Editor:

In your September issue of *Mandate*, you did a feature on film star Peter Berlin. I didn't know that he was an artist as well. Your superb collection of his work showed me that he is extremely talented. I really did want to moon over Berlin. I just wish I could see some more of his fabulous self to drool over. Thanks for making *Mandate* the best



magazine in town. Johnny Hardin and Peter Berlin in the same issue, give me more.

Contentedly yours,
R.C.
Montgomery, Ala.

Editor's Reply: Moon over this! Peter Berlin, as you ordered.

STRAIGHT?

Dear *Mandate*:

Some of us married men enjoy looking at other males. I am one of them. Recently, I picked up the October issue at a neighborhood bookstore and was literally taken aback to see Leo Hooks. Now there's one hunk of manly man, no doubt about it. There's no mistaking him for a girl. His rock-hard muscle was really impressive. I don't even begin to look like that. Do you think if I get another chance to scrutinize that incredible torso, that I'll absorb his bodybuilding techniques?

You may think that you're for gays only. I'm here to tell you that straight men appreciate a good man once in a while.

With continued interest,
H.D.
Chicago, Ill.

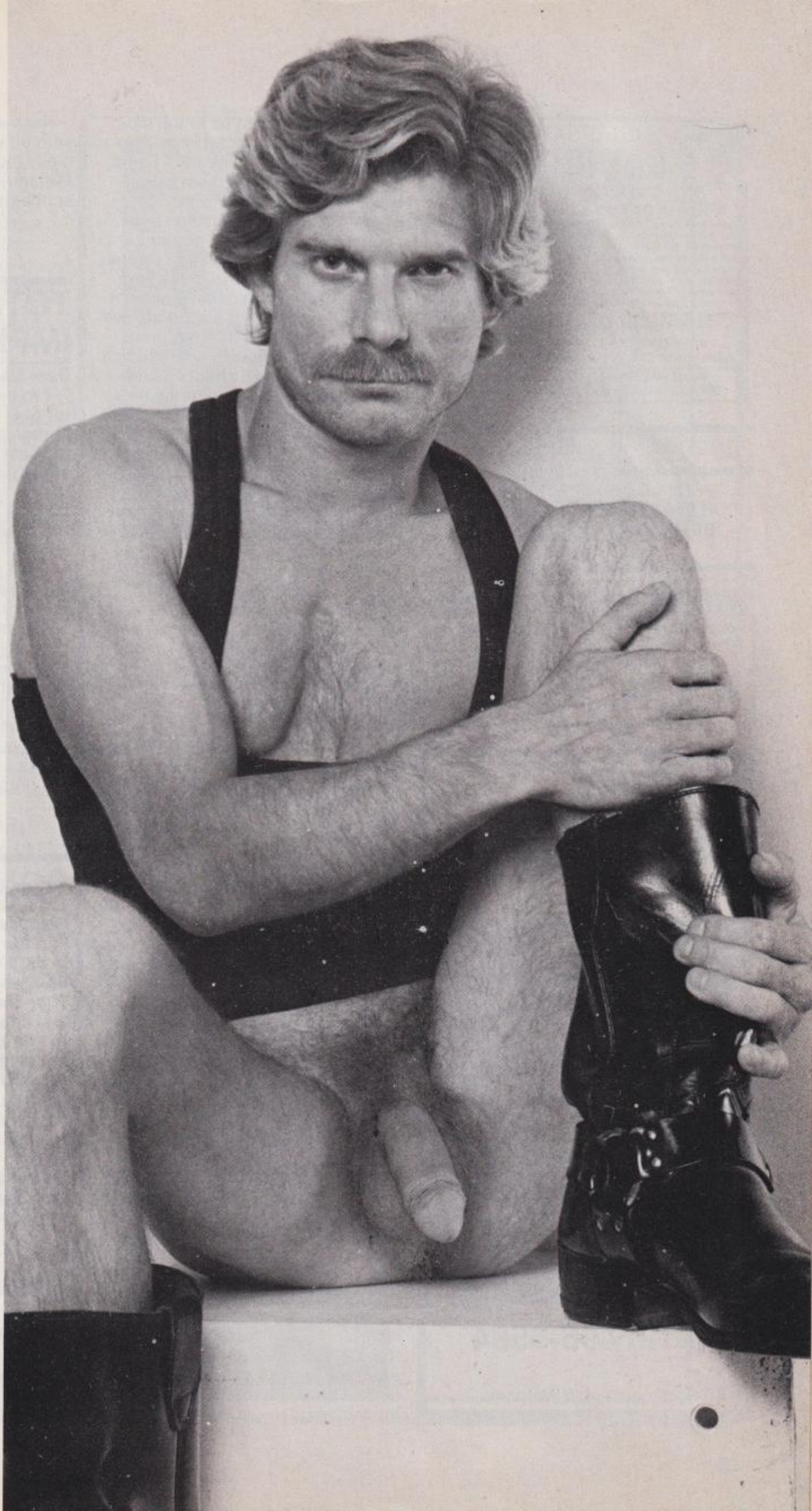
Editor's Reply: Leo Hook, left, is one of Colt's more exciting men. We're glad to see that he's a man for all seasons and for all kinds, too.

TWO MEN IN ONE

Dear Editor:

I've been a fan of Usher studios for the longest time. For two months straight, you ran models from that particular photographer. Would you kindly tell me how to get in touch with those models? The blond in the March issue and the black stud in the February issue had me

Photo left: Leo Hooks by Colt. Photo right: By Usher



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wishing that I could be in the pictures with him. In fact, I know this is going to sound strange but I had a dream where both of them were together, doing up a storm. They were both in my house and I kept telling somebody that I couldn't believe they would do it just for me.

Have you decided to make sure that you have one socially relevant article in *Mandate*? Lately, I always find that you insert at least one feature that deals with something in current events that affects gays? Does that have to do with the new hotter and harder direction? Keep it up-and-coming. *Mandate*'s the best.

Thankfully yours in Butte, Montana,
L.K.

Editor's Reply: Unfortunately, we aren't allowed to give out personal names of the models. If you want to contact them by fan mail, send us the letter and we'll make sure that they get it. The answer to your second question is emphatically yes. We want to make sure you get entertainment and information. Thanks for the compliment.

GORGEOUS

I have told you so before and I will say it again and again until I am proven wrong (fat chance!). You have the all around *best* gay magazine on the stands today. The articles, interviews and fiction are always informative, enlightening and entertaining. You are always with the times but never artsy-trendsy like some of the slick mags entirely dedicated to raunch. And what is important to me, you never emphasize out of proportion any one element or subculture within our lifestyle.

Of course, I have saved the best compliment for last. Your nudes are the hottest, humpiest models ever to grace a centerfold or any other page between the covers of a gay magazine.

The prime example in my mind is that Greek-god-like gorgeous sun-bronzed idol Kelly Pullum who was your April 6th Anniversary Issue coverman and centerfold. Since I first saw his pictures I have been worshiping this heavenly body as some super-human entity floating in the clouds far above us mortals. But when you published in the letters section of your December issue Kelly's "Note from a Centerfold," I saw that my idol had not feet of clay but a warm heart of gold with real human emotions and feelings.

Keep up the great work, fellas, and with all you have going for you (especially models of the calibre of Kelly Pullum!) you've got a loyal subscriber in me for life!

Sincerely,
S.H.
Philadelphia

TOTALLY IMPRESSED

Dear *Mandate*,

I've been reading your publication for over a year now and have come to recognize *Mandate* as the best publication of its kind. Your features are entertaining and interesting, your fiction hot, and your models fantastic. I am continually impressed at the quality of *Mandate* month after month.

I just got home with the January edition and practically creamed in my pants at the sight of Ron Pearson. What a gorgeous stud he is! I'd give anything to get my hands on him—he is really a dream. I don't konw where you found him, but please, let's have more of Ron Pearson!

Keep up the quality work. *Mandate* keeps a lot of us going when things get rough.

Sincerely,
C.E.
Atlanta, Georgia

CONTRIBUTOR

Dear *Mandate*:

In the September issue of *Mandate* in the "Mandata" column there is an item which discusses a group called "Concerned Republicans for Individual Rights (CRIR). I am writing to ask if you could send me the address for this organization as I would like to become part of it and contribute to it. I believe the only way to fight the new anti-gay thrust in the Republican party is from within and I want to do whatever I can because I believe the threat this poses is very real. Thank you. I have enclosed a return envelope.

Sincerely,
D. Andrew
Oak Bluffs, MA

Editor's Reply: To contact this group, write Concerned Republicans for Individual Rights, 1220 Polk St., San Francisco, CA 94109, [415] 441-2929.

INDEBTED

Dear *Mandate*,

I want to express my personal thanks to you for your article about the new gay cancer, 'Kaposi's Sarcoma.' As a result of the article, I visited my physician, who diagnosed a biopsy be performed upon a lesion on my back. At this time I am awaiting the results of my tests, but the fact that my gay doctor was also educated in this process will ultimately benefit the whole gay community. I have always admired your quality magazine for its informative articles and fine photography, but as a result of this article you could easily be responsible for saving my life. I am truly indebted and will always be a faithful subscriber. Keep up the good work!

Sincerely,
D.C.H.
N.Y.C.

Editor's Reply: We have always strived to strike a balance between information and entertainment. We're glad that we helped you and hope that all goes well. Thanks for your support.

IN LOVE

Dear *Mandate*:

Thanks, *Mandate*, for reviewing *Taxi Zum Klo*. I don't know why, but I was not going to see that movie. I read your review and decided that I didn't want to be the only gay person on my block who had stayed home while everybody else went to the movies. Issue after issue, *Mandate* keeps me aware of what's going on. Your men always make me shudder. (Some more than others, of course.) I particularly fell in love with Maxwell Caulfield whose stunning good looks took my breath away. My heart skips every time I look at him. I can't stand it. Thanks for giving me a new thrill. I won't forget where I saw him first.

J.P.
Philadelphia, Pa.

Editor's Reply: Maxwell Caulfield does it again. We share your enthusiasm and thank you for your kind words.

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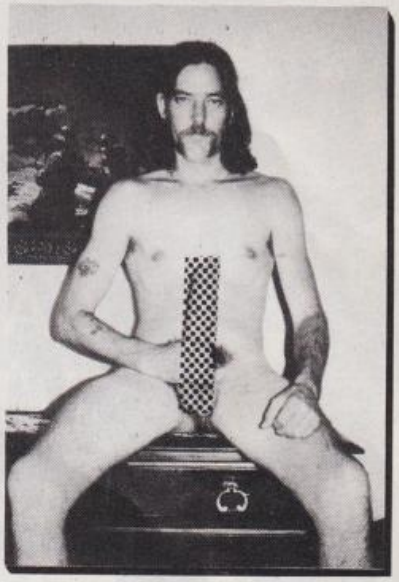

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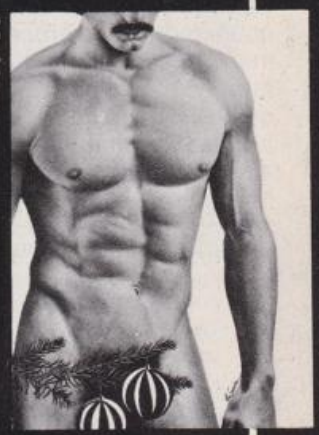

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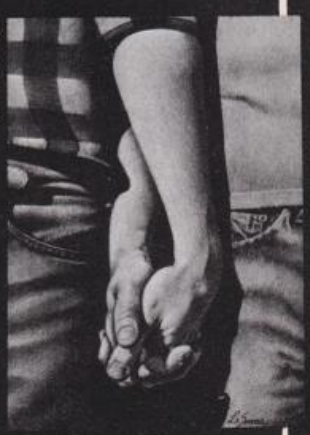

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MAN OH MANN

Dear *Mandate*,

I thought you might like to know that there are plenty of *Mandate* fans in England.

I'm always eagerly awaiting the next issue as there's no real equivalent in this country, certainly in terms of quality. I very much enjoy the arts and entertainment news, but most off all the nudes. You seem to have an inexhaustible supply of sexy men with thick cocks and beefy balls.

My favorite studio is Colt, so I naturally applaud the splendid spreads you give them. The shots you've printed of Toby, Lloyd Kaspar (who is a dead ringer for my brother down to his foreskin!) and Mark Rutter (you've guessed it, I dig uncut) are among my favorites to date, but I think the most handsome and masculine model I've seen in *Mandate* is Karl Mann. I really get stirred up when looking at the few shots I have of Karl; he's prime beef and well-hung but looks very intelligent and friendly too. Now that you're adopting a raunchier look to the magazine, I would love to see a really hard picture of Karl. I'm pleading with you.

Anyway chaps, thanks again for many hours of pleasure with *Mandate*. Keep up the good work.

Yours sincerely,
B.J.

S&M: A FINE LINE

Continued from page 49

the door after him as he leaves. It is not foolish to be careful. On the contrary, it is stupid not to take precautions. It is better to go home and beat off alone than to take chances with your own life.

It must be rernembered that in the final analysis S&M is not for everyone. The look of those into the scene and the possibility of danger can be very intriguing, but there is also a reality to the sexuality of S&M encounters. If you are new to the actual participation in S&M sex, by all means communicate that fact to whomever you chose to be your Master or top. It is of your own choice that you allow yourself to be a bottom. Give that same option to the top as well. If he is not in the

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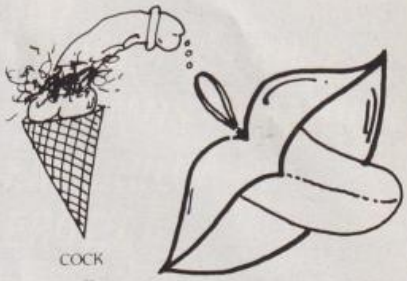

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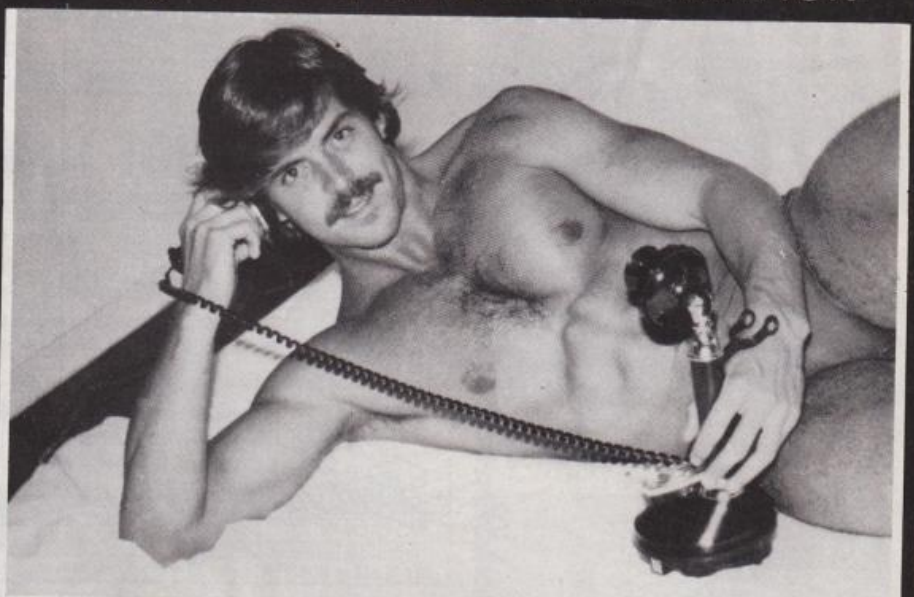

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mood to teach or deal with a novice, he will tell you so. It is also important for him to know how far and how fast he can go with you. Casual assurances that you are into something when you are not or have had very little experience with it will only lead to disappointment and frustration.

All of S&M is a very mental trip, and one not to be entered into lightly. It is a deep and, here's the important word, *mutual* sharing of fantasy and physicality. There should be no selfishness in this scene. If it is not shared, there's not much point to the whole thing. Both parties have to remember that they are dealing with another human being with emotions and frailties unique to himself. S&M in its purest form is a very special bond of trust between two men. Casual dismissal of this fact is the surest way I know of to guarantee an unsatisfactory and unfulfilling scene for both partners.

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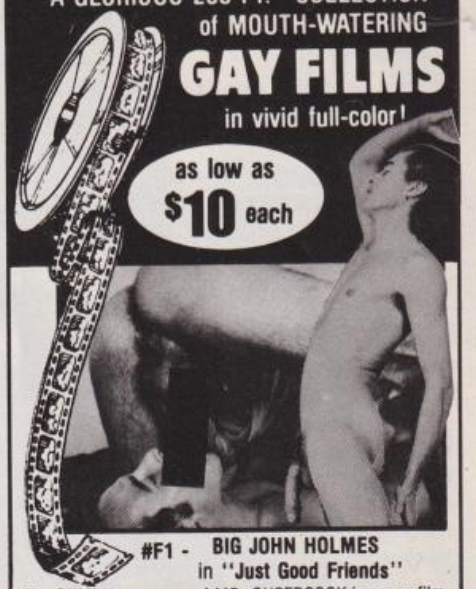

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FILM REVIEW

Continued from page 7

seam backdrops. The result of this disruption is to underscore the fictional storyline with the appearance of *cinema verite*, a *Reds* trick that works very well here. This use of giant close-ups forces the viewer, as the film progresses, to pause and wonder with the characters. Like Bergman, director Arthur Hiller's imaginative technique externalizes hidden insights and creates a time frame that instantly brings a cool but not off-putting ironic twist to the plotline. The greater depth achieved saves *Making Love* from falling into maudlin soap opera and illustrates the well-meaning intent of all who participated in this project.

The movie starts off with Claire and Zack blissfully in love. Gradually, Zack comes to recognize a puzzling ambiguity that troubles him, an anguish that destroys his serenity and opens up the crack in his life that will inevitably change him forever; Zack believes, however, in the decency and nobility of straight married men. He's the kind of man who was probably hurt when he found out that the tooth fairy was actually his mother. In a quest that will lead him down the path of self-discovery, he finds his homosexuality. *Making Love*'s approach is as valid an approach as anybody else's. Who can explain with any believability the whys and wherefores of homosexuality? Slowly, Zack experiments with one-night stands, finally finding the right man, Bart, with whom he can talk and relax. Bart, appearing hard-edged, narcissistic, adamantly solitary, is naturally wary of a married man who's trying to replace his wife with his first real gay lover. Though Bart seems defensive, for all the *right* reasons, Zack makes it look as though Bart is harsh, uncaring and irresponsible. Bart knows all too well what Zack is going through and what he will have to do before he "comes out." It is Bart who prompts Zack to tell Claire.

This pivotal disclosure of husband to wife is full of stormy passion. The scene is understandably full of dramatic intensity, even face-slapping, when Claire cannot bear the truth. Its raw intensity hurts her—and us. The whole foundations of her life have been taken from her. The heart-wrenching scene is only the beginning of her letting-go.

A cameo performance by Wendy Hiller gives this movie touching strength and beauty. As a poet friend of both Zack and Claire, she provides the much-needed ear for Claire's questions when the marriage breaks down. Claire decides to accept Zack the "way he is." But his own integrity won't allow this. "It wouldn't be fair to you or *to me*," he says. Claire concludes in a monologue, "But I still miss Zack. I miss his compassion. Damn his integrity." As in the Glenda Jackson-Peter Finch scene at the end of *Sunday, Bloody Sunday*, there is here an aching sense of permanent loss and utter irreconcilability.

If there is a problem in *Making Love*, it is not so much from what's up there on the screen as what's down here in real life. Reality as depicted in this movie does seem extraordinarily pampered in ways that might annoy less affluent gays. The characters for the most part are all from upper-class backgrounds; doctors, lawyers, successful writers, TV executives and architects people this movie in an unending array of affluent winners. This criticism, which stems from this need to identify, is an unfair one, imposing political considerations on aesthetic judgments. But this always happens when a minority like ours has been oppressed so long. Screenwriter Barry Sandler is aware of this discrepancy between the lives most of us lead and the one his rarefied characters live in. Claire has an embarrassing scene with one of Zack's old tricks. She discovers a matchbook in her husband's coat pocket. The man, in a rented room, out of sync with much of what precedes in this movie, tells her that he's reasonably happy. Claire is still puzzled; it is as though she had stepped into the Twilight Zone where all the givens don't make sense. Her illusions have been shattered; her husband of eight years made love to this total stranger and didn't even give him his right name.

All in all, *Making Love* is 99 and 44/100% successful; Hollywood has bent over backward to give gays a *Love Story* we can be proud of, that inspires and touches our hearts and minds. Not since *Sunday, Bloody Sunday* has a film of such subtle beauty and compassion depicted us. This ground-breaking gem sparkles. Pull out your handkerchiefs and prepare yourself for a good old-fashioned, positive cry.

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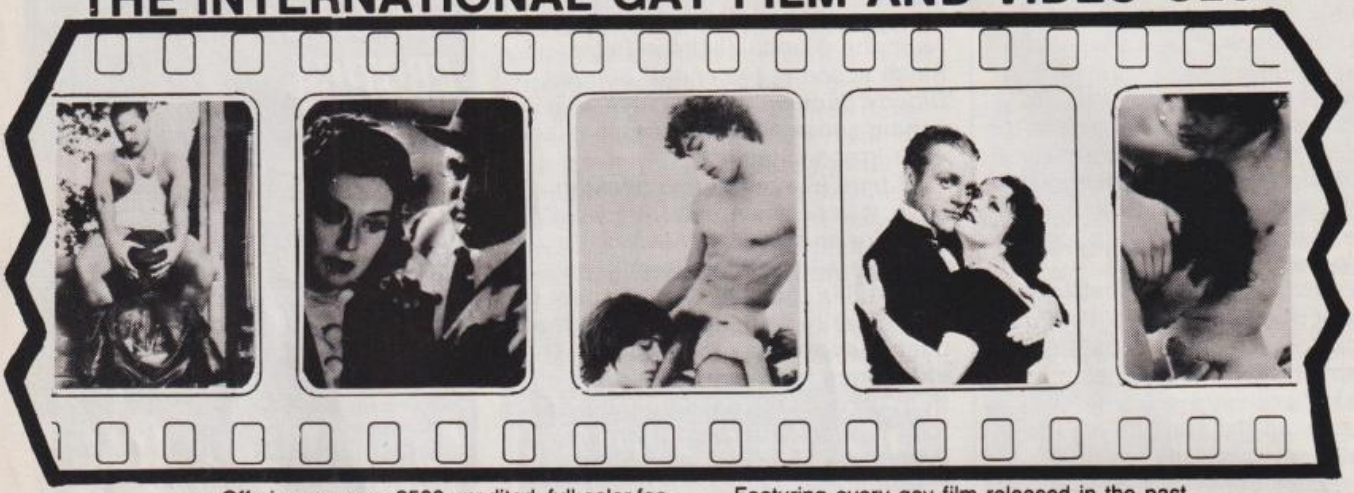

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THE POOL

Continued from page 25

proached me. What was I doing? Where was I from? What the fuck did it matter? What d'ya want? I asked him. He told me with his eyes to follow him. He had a car parked around the block. He drove me to his apartment on the upper Eastside. There was something about the guy that put me completely at ease. He was on the level. . . and so was I. He wanted my cock and I was going to give it to him. He made me a drink and produced five or six fuck books to get me turned on. He didn't know that I didn't need fuck books to get turned on: I was born horny. The magazines were full of studs with big hard-ons staring me in the face, beautiful guys built like brick shithouses. My new friend was looking at my rod stiffening inside my jeans. Yeah, is that what you want? He started undressing me. I let him. And then before I knew it, he was down on his knees, sucking me off. There's nothing on earth as pleasurable as a great blow-job.

The next day I went to the YMCA and worked out. It had been almost two weeks since I had had the use of the facilities of a gym. I exercised every day so I was in pretty good shape, but going to the gym would make me feel even better. I decided to get a nice steak for dinner: increase my protein intake. I was always a healthy brute. I'm lucky that way. A good body always comes in handy, I'm no fool. I've always met great dudes at the gym. I like 'em healthy.

I finally made arrangements and flew to L.A. to visit my parents. However, my intentions to surprise the folks were foiled as they were away on vacation. The house was empty. I decided to make the best of it, deciding that a little peace and quiet would be therapeutic.

I showered, rolled myself a joint and threw myself on my bed to relax. I dozed off and awoke hearing someone diving into the pool out back. There was no one home so I didn't bother to put my pants on when I went to investigate. I walked into the back bedroom and looked down at the pool area. I could have been dreaming. It was our next door neighbor's kid. . . in the raw!

God, I thought to myself, how I wanted to run out back and jump him. He was a hunk. He always was into sports, as far back as I can remember. His parents and my parents were good friends. Dave was the kid's name. He used to swim in that pool for hours. I had watched him before. . . but I had never seen him naked. I caught him in a jock once when he thought he was alone but never completely naked. What a body. It made me sick to think how badly I wanted to suck his cock. I wanted to walk out the back door and jump in the pool, nude like him, and see what would happen.

I did that once.

Back at school, one day I was in the bathroom, hidden in one of the stalls so no one would see me cleaning my grass. I didn't have my pipe, but I found a couple of pieces of bamboo paper in my wallet. Saved again. I had enough pot for two joints. Then this guy came in and stood at one of the urinals to piss, I presumed. After a reasonable amount of time he began fidgeting with the flushing mecahnism. And he kept fidgeting. OK, I thought to myself, this guy didn't come here to piss. I happened to have a bottle of poppers in my jacket. I quietly took a sniff. Then as quietly as I could, I stripped off all my clothes. . . everything. Meanwhile, the guy was still stalling for time. I asked him what was the matter. "There's something wrong with this thing," he replied, trying to be casual, dying to know what was inside the booth. I unlatched the door to the booth and stood up. He turned and faced me. He was a hot number. I opened the door. He was amazed. . . frozen with disbelief at my boldness. "You're naked," he stammered, stepping back. "No kidding," I replied, laughing at him as I pushed the door open all the way and stepped out into the room. He just stood there, not believing his eyes. He looked me up and down. "What's the matter?" I asked him, knowing he had never seen a guy like me naked with his big dick stiffening before his very eyes. I walked over to him, cowboy style, sort of prancing, showing off. His right hand wrapped around my meat and his other hand felt my hairy pecs. He was trembling with excitement, staring down at my rod, his mouth hanging open.

"Don't be afraid," I told the guy, shamelessly jerking myself hard. "Do you want to suck my cock?" The guy hesitated. "Come on," I told him. "You'll never get a better cut of meat." I slapped my cock against my thighs a couple of times. "You like that, huh?" I asked him, teasing him as I grabbed the mop on top of his head and forced his face down into my crotch. He had never seen a dude with such a thick bush around his cock and he told me so. He was pale with excitement and fear. I was enjoying myself and positioned myself in front of the wall mirror so that both of us could watch. I edged him on, commanding him to work my cock until I shot my load, watching in the mirror as he drank me eagerly.

Dave pulled himself out of the water and lay by the pool to sun himself. Oh, what a sight. If only I had film in my camera, I could preserve the image. I don't know when the fuck I started jerking off, but all of a sudden I was coming all over myself. Once again in control of myself, I went upstairs and threw on a bathing suit. It was now or never, I thought to myself. I hurried down the stairs and threw the back door open.

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ming, he pulled himself out of the water. Laughing and naked, we grabbed each other again, pretending to wrestle. It was one of those moments. The sun was beating down so intensely and no one was around and we made it right there, in broad day-light, laughing like three year olds.

FAHRENHEIT 451 REVISITED

Continued from page 46

Included were *Andersonville* by Kantor, *The Grapes of Wrath* by Steinbeck, *Marjorie Morningstar* by Herman Wouk, *1984* by George Orwell, *Brave New World* by Aldous Huxley and five others.

"You have more than 10,000 books—why can't you toss these 10 out?" the moralists asked.

In Houston the same year, Fay Seale led an attack on *Living Biographies of Religioius Leaders* and *Living Biographies of Great Philosophers.* She was particularly offended by the book of philosophers' lives because it contained information about Plato, a man she considered part of a conspiracy to destroy the morals of America.

"I haven't read Plato in a long time," she confessed to a reporter from *The Houston post*, but she recalled that "he talks about communal living and free love and such." Plato, in her opinion, also suffered from guilt by association. He was a student of Socrates, whom "the people poisoned for ideas he was spreading."

Of Plato's ideas about free love, she said, "I can't help but believe he's one of the reasons we have so many sex maniacs walking around." Admitting to having read Plato in her younger days, she failed to explain to the reporter how she herself had kept from becoming a sex maniac.

Recognizing the humor of the Texas brouhaha, *The Milwaukee Journal* editorialized: "The suggestion that school children are rushing to read Plato or read about him is startling. Educators everywhere ought to find out how Houston does it."

In Abilene, Texas, Miller's *Tropic of Cancer* had been moving very slowly in bookstores until the chief of police took an underlined copy of the book to the county attorney, who promptly threatened to arrest anyone caught selling it. The morning the

warning was published in the local newspaper, the book sold out in every major shop.

The McCarthy-era censors firmly discredited and the sexually liberating 1960s generally accepted by a large segment of Americana, censors nevertheless were born again in the 1970s, as the Island Trees school district in Nassau County, N.Y., removed 11 books from library shelves on the grounds that they were "anti-American, anti-Christian, anti-Semitic and just plain filthy." Among the raunchy reading were Kurt Vonnegut Jr.'s *Slaughterhouse Five* and two Pulitzer Prize winners, *Laughing Boy* by Oliver La Farge and *The Fixer* by Bernard Malamud.

Moving right along, the librarian in Thatcher, Ariz., returned from summer vacation to find all periodicals except *Arizona Highways* and *National Geographic* removed from the reading rack. *Time* was considered taboo because it had an illustrated article on fashion models, and *Sports Illustrated* was deemed too racy because of an article on women's swimsuits.

Concerned by a rising teen-age pregnancy rate, Louisiana state legislators sought, unsuccessfully, to overturn a law forbidding sex education courses or any other type of instruction dealing with "the human reproductive system as it pertains specifically to the act of sexual intercourse."

The principal of Old Mill High School in the suburb of Baltimore, Md., wanted to ban a production of a play based on the novel *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest* because it contained, in his moral judgment, "lewd and offensive language" and two scenes leading up to and including the seduction of one of the characters.

Of Mice and Men by Steinbeck had the board of education of Continental, Ohio, in a tizzy because of its scenes dealing with prostitution and drinking. And if some Continental seeker of literary wisdom wanted to read this classic about the friendship between two drifters, he or she had to take a note to class signed by a parent.

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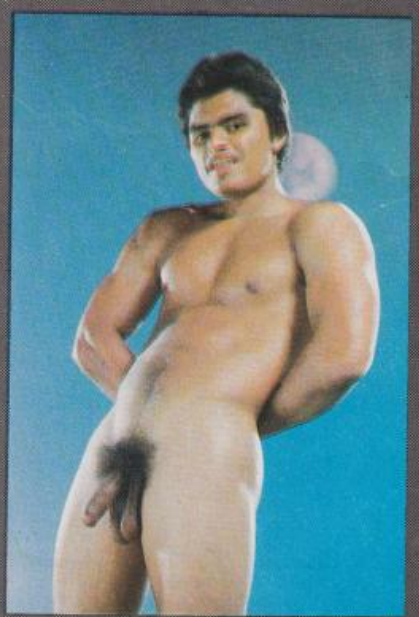

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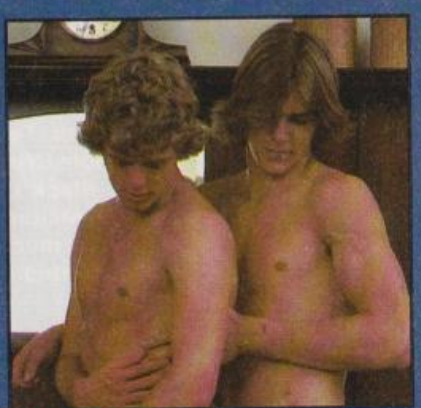

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to rid the public library of *Learning About Sex: A Guide for Children and Their Parents* because it depicted sexual intercourse and masturbation. "There are many religious people in this area, and they recognize that this is not God's way," said censor Bernadine Schumacher.

Officials of Waco, Texas, ordered a *Playboy* magazine photographer out of town by sunrise after they learned he was there to take nude pictures of Baylor University students.

Gov. Dick Tornburgh of Pennsylvania barred three nude photographs from an exhibit at the executive mansion out of "concern for my children and to adhere to community standards of good taste."

"If it is nudity painted with a brush, it is art," countered a photographer. "If it's a photograph, it's smut."

New York City, where almost anything goes, even got uptight over advertisements for the Broadway musical, *The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas*, and had them removed for Metropolitan Transit Authority buses because some passengers complained that a number of school children rode the vehicles.

"If people want to see something dirty, let them get on the buses and look at how they're maintained," said a spokesman for the show's producer.

A song-and-dance number from the same show was "bleeped" in an unusual fashion on the Tony Awards show. When it came time to sing out a lyric that contained a four-letter word, the xylophone drowned out the word.

But then, all five words of the show's title were originally banned by three New York television stations, which refused in its opening days to carry commercials about a show with a "dirty name."

And Western Union, when the musical played in Houston, refused to use the "dirty word" in press invitations, so drama critics were invited by Mailgram to attend the opening of *The Best Little Warehouse in Texas.*

Censorship—whether of The Magician, The Great Gatsby or *The Diary of Anne Frank*, the newest books to come under attack, or of any other printed page—should strike gay men as a threat to their lifestyles. It harassed men of many persuasions in ancient Greece and Rome, and more than a few Europeans have felt its tragic effects on their liberties.

Throughout history, attempts to "stop the word"—whatever that "word" was—have blighted individuals, mistreated minorities, encouraged dictators, impeded progress, disregarded human rights and stifled creativity.

"Every silencing of a heresy or enforcement of an orthodoxy diminishes the roughness and resilience of our society and leaves it less able to deal with stress," the American Library Assocation points out.

Literary censorship "is the first step in the erosion of liberty, the universal seed from which further encroachments upon freedom spring," adds the American Society of Journalists and Authors, which has begun an open campaign against censorship. (Its members are wearing and distributing little red lapel buttons that proclaim, "I Read Banned Books.") Buttons are available from ASJA (1501 Broadway, Suite 1907, New York, N.Y. 10036) for $1, with the proceeds for sales going toward its campaign to resist the rising tide of censorship.

If small bands of zealots are out to silence Shakespeare, Chamberlain, Twain and Salinger; ban Pulitzer Prize-winning works from school reading lists; sweep *Time, Sports Illustrated* and *Playboy* from the newsstands and burn *The Magician, The Great Gatsby* and *The Diary of Anne Frank*, cannot the literature of the gay lifestyle be close to the same incinerator in the scheme of self-styled moralists?

Some apolitical gays may argue that the homosexual press has not been silenced. Gay writers have not been dragged screaming from their typewriters. Editors of male entertainment publications have not been jailed, nor their presses confiscated.

But that argument is like waiting until the stallion is gone to shut the gate. ASJA puts it this way: "To render the listener deaf is to strike the speaker dumb. What cannot be read may as well never have been written."

"Freedom," wrote poet Archibald MacLeish in the same vein, "is the right to choose: the right to create for oneself the alternatives of choice."

Those who do not resolve today to defy those who would deny that freedom may find tomorrow that they no longer have a choice. It's not a war limited to words. It's a war extended to ways of life.

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